

Catholic Digest

AUGUST 1956

*Our
Catholic
Jews*

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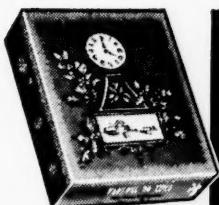
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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, when you reward and make fit for them; let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

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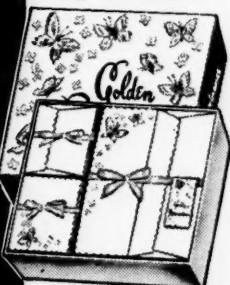
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the Open Door

Exemplary conduct of a girl in the face of temptations led my husband into the Church.

He had taken a job in Yellowstone park. Many of the people employed there were away from home supervision for the first time. Some of their after-hours parties would grow quite wild. My husband noticed that one of the girls always acted the lady, never drank, and left when things got rough.

He began to date her. He discovered that she was a Catholic; that she never missed Sunday Mass, though it meant a long, cold walk as early as 5 A.M. Curiosity in her religion was aroused. He began to read about the Church, and became a Catholic.

I am everlastingly grateful to this girl, who led my husband into the Church, and thus, in time, made it possible for us to start our married life on the firmest foundation, our shared religion. Judith L. Hanson.

My brother and I were baptized Catholics, but had neglected our religion since childhood.

In 1952, I decided to finish my education under the GI bill. But because I had no high-school diploma, no school to which I applied would take me—except Marquette university. I enrolled there, with the understanding that I would make up my high-

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

school deficiency along with my college work. Thus, I had to attend vocational school and Marquette in the daytime, and work nights, to support my wife and child.

I persuaded my brother to come from Pennsylvania and attend college with me, to help me with my studies. The example and opportune words, kindly put, of the Fathers at Marquette so moved the both of us that we came back to the Church of our childhood, and led my brother on to study for the priesthood.

As told to Frank Cetin.

He mistook the reason for her tears, but they nevertheless brought him into the Church. She had married a non-Catholic army captain. When Christmas came, they were living a great distance from her home. While at midnight Mass, to which her husband had accompanied her, she grew so homesick that she could not restrain silent tears.

Her husband was deeply impressed, assigning religious joy as the reason for her sobs; for he, himself, was enraptured by the solemn beauty of the Mass and the devotion of the congregation.

The experience prompted him to find out more about the faith, and later, unknown to his wife, to take instructions. When, finally, he took her to his Baptism, she shed tears not of homesickness but of joy.

Sister James.

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By Dennis Day as told to Charles Oxton

Why My Children Go to Catholic Schools

*That's where I learned
to say 'Yes, please?'*

IN 1939, IT was an even longer jump from a college campus to a major broadcasting studio than it is today. I made it "with the help of God and two sober policemen," as my County-Mayoborn mother used to say, on almost my first try. I made it because of her prayers and the prayers of my father, sister, brothers, and relatives and friends in and around the Bronx, where I was born.

But I made it for another reason too: the influence of my training in Catholic schools.

It happened like this. Jack Benny had let it be known that he was in the market for a tenor to replace his featured soloist, Kenny Baker, who had announced his intention to launch out on his own. I was fresh out of Manhattan college, where I had been president of the glee club.

I found myself on the horns of a dilemma. I wanted to make singing a career. I also wanted to repay my parents for their struggle to give me a good Catholic education, and I wasn't quite sure I could do it with my voice alone. My total professional experience consisted of a



few guest appearances with Larry Clinton's orchestra and several sustaining sessions over one of the local radio stations, WHN.

With the country just getting over the worst depression in our history, and Europe on the brink of war, it hardly seemed the time to go tilting at musical windmills, and yet I felt that I had to give it a try. If I didn't make it, and pretty fast, I was determined to enroll at Fordham university Law school and use my Gaelic gift of gab (with a monicker like Owen Patrick McNulty, my real name, how could I miss?) to impress clients and influence juries instead. Luckily for me, and perhaps for the legal profession, the Benny-Baker split-up pried open the door of opportunity.

The day I went down to the NBC studios, there were half a dozen other young hopefuls trying out for the job. All of them had followed the same procedure I had.

WHY MY CHILDREN GO TO CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

5

They had made recordings in advance and submitted them to Mary Livingstone—Mrs. Benny, in private life—for a hearing. On the basis of those recordings, they had been called down to do their stuff for Jack on the spot.

Exactly how long it took before my turn came around, I don't know. But I do know it was plain torture sitting there, listening to the others audition and wondering if I would do as well. Looking back now, I'm sure the others were as nervous as I was, but they managed to cover it up better, by wisecracking and pretending it was all in the day's work. As each one's name was called over the intercom from the control room, he would answer with a nonchalant "Yeah" or "Okay," and then saunter confidently up to the mike.

I had half made up my mind to copy them, to show my professional *savoir-faire*, when Jack's voice came booming at me, calling my stage name, Dennis Day.

Forgetting my resolution, I answered instinctively, "Yes, please?" just as I'd been taught to do in school whenever I was called on to recite. Maybe students in other schools are taught to answer the same way, as a mark of respect towards their elders, but I'm sure none of them are trained to the extent that Catholic students are. Respect for those who are older or who are in authority over them starts the first day in kindergarten and continues until they get their

college degrees. Without getting too profound (and who expects a tenor to get profound?), I may say that the whole concept of showing respect for age and authority stems from a consciousness of our relationship to God. He is the source of all power and authority, and by showing respect to our elders we honor Him.

Anyway, those two words "Yes, please?" propelled me to Hollywood on the wings of a contract to appear regularly on the Benny program.

Just before I left to join the navy during the 2nd World War, when Jack was bidding me good-by, he explained how he'd come to hire me over everyone else. "I'd listened to your records and had a pretty good idea of what you could do," he told me. "That little bit of politeness clinched it. In this business, courtesy and respect are so rare that you can't help but sit up and take notice when you encounter them. The moment I heard you answer 'Yes, please?' that day in the studio, I told Mary you were the one for the job."

I am sending each of my six children to Catholic schools. My two oldest, Patrick, seven, and Dennis, six, are already in parochial school; a third, Michael, five, starts kindergarten this September. My six youngsters—and whatever other children God may bless us with—will get a *thorough* Catholic education, right up to the time they finish college and strike out on their own.

I will send my children to Catholic schools for three reasons: 1. because it is my duty as a Catholic parent to do so; 2. because a Catholic education is the best form of "insurance" to safeguard their spiritual future; 3. because only a Catholic education will give them a complete education, in mind, body, and soul.

There is nothing startlingly new about all this. Others have stated it much better. And I'm not doing anything extraordinary. On the contrary, with the earth half free and half slave, with decency and morality only catchwords for far too many people, I would be criminally negligent if I failed to give my kids the start in life they need.

My mother's joke about my success being due to the "help of God and two sober policemen" has more truth in it than whimsy. A Catholic education and the Catholic Church, she used to tell me, constitute the two "policemen" who make it possible to keep on the road to heaven. I would deprive my children of the aid of one of these two policemen if I did not send them to Catholic schools.

It's true that giving Patrick, Dennis, Michael, Margaret, Eileen, and baby Paul a Catholic education presents no financial problem for me at present. Many of you are probably saying, "It's all very well for him to talk. He doesn't have to worry about money for tuition and books and clothes."

I can only answer that I would

still think the way I do if the ball should bounce the wrong way (and in this business there is no guarantee it won't) and I should have to pinch and scrape to make ends meet.

I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth. Our neighborhood in the Bronx, while it wasn't the worst in the area, by any means, did have its shadowy side. It had its quota of hoodlums and teen-age gangs and basement hangouts, and left to my own devices, without the steady influence of a good Catholic home and a good Catholic education, I would have got into plenty of trouble.

Thanks to my parents, I wasn't left to my own devices. They saw to it that I got understanding and discipline and moral training every day at home. And they made sure I got the same treatment in the classroom.

It wasn't easy. My father, a stationary engineer, never made more than \$60 a week, and yet, somehow, he and my mother managed not only to give me and my sister and my four brothers the necessities of life but they also provided us with a thoroughly Catholic education, right up to and through college.

How they did it, I don't know. I admit that the cost of living wasn't so high in those days as it is today. Still, supporting a home and putting six children through college on a salary of \$60 a week was a pretty good trick, no matter how you look

at it. I often wonder if I would have been able to do the same.

When I was nine or ten and had a paper route for the Bronx *Home News*, I used to think that maybe I would quit school and go to work as soon as I was able to get my working papers. Young as I was, I knew that anything my brothers or I could do to swell the family income would take that much pressure off my father and mother and make things better all around.

I didn't entertain the notion very long. The first time I even hinted at what was in my mind, I was told to forget it. I was made to understand that my job was to develop my brain and save my soul. If any of us wished to help out by working after school, that was all right. But one way or another we were going to stay in a Catholic school.

In 1930, after being graduated from St. Benedict's, our parish school, I was enrolled at Cathedral High uptown. By then, my brother John (now my business manager), was at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C., with intentions of becoming a lay Brother. My brother Frank was at LaSalle academy in the heart of the lower New York East Side. Jim, now a doctor married to movie star Ann Blythe; Billy, at present a captain in the Army Medical corps; and my sister Margaret were all still in elementary grades.

At Cathedral, I set no worlds afire scholastically, but I did manage to

hold my own. The one thing that helped me to do as well as I did was the spiritual atmosphere that surrounded all my activities. At home, the Morning Offering, grace before and after meals, and night prayers were such a part of family routine that we would no more have thought of skipping any one of them than we would have thought of missing Sunday Mass. On evenings when we were all together, we said the family Rosary. If a baseball game between the Giants and the Dodgers was being broadcast over the radio at the same time —well, we missed it, that was all.

At school, the situation was pretty much the same without, of course, the give-and-take of family life. We were made to toe the line in our studies. But we were also made to understand that even if our scholastic achievements bordered on genius and we lost sight of our eternal destiny, we would have failed. I remember one teacher telling us, "Save your soul, and you'll be richer than Rockefeller. Lose it, and all the money in the world won't buy your way out of hell."

In 1934, I entered Manhattan college with my mind half made up to become a lawyer unless my newfound love for music promised greater rewards. I still worked after school at odd jobs around the neighborhood; my brothers did the same. In my senior year at Manhattan, I was elected president of the glee club and attracted sufficient atten-

tion to prompt Larry Clinton to ask me to make guest appearances with his band.

Shortly after graduation, the incident with Jack Benny took place, and I gave up thinking of legal briefs to toil in the California sun. In 1944, I entered the navy as an ensign (an emergency operation for appendicitis delayed my enlistment almost a year). I was discharged on St. Patrick's day in 1946, as a lieutenant, junior grade. In 1947, I met my wife, Margaret Ellen Almquist, of Southgate, a Los Angeles suburb. In January, 1948, we were married at Mission San Juan Capistrano, and a year later we welcomed our first son, Patrick.

Like all fathers who served, I am constantly besieged with demands from my offspring to tell them of my exploits during the 2nd World War. Naturally, I try not to destroy their picture of me as a combination Hopalong Cassidy-Gene Autry-Flash Gordon. I did serve as a line officer with the amphibious forces before being ordered to head a special service unit to tour the Pacific area. While my experiences will never go down in naval history, they do seem to make passably good listening, at least for youthful McNulty ears.

I tell them of life aboard a fighting ship: of the spine-tingling sen-

sation that accompanies every call to battle stations; of beach landings and the thundering barrage of heavy guns; of the time a Japanese suicide plane crashed into the side of an aircraft carrier when we were putting on a show for the officers and men, and killed 27 of the crew.

But I tell them of other things, too. I tell them of men saying their Rosaries while standing watch in gun turrets; of chaplains and sailors reciting the prayers for the dying in the darkness of the Pacific night; of the time I served midnight Mass celebrated at Pearl Harbor on Christmas eve, 1944, for a congregation of servicemen from every branch of the armed forces.

And when my children are old enough to understand fully, I'll tell them that I never came across a man with a really solid Catholic education and background who ever got into serious trouble. There must have been a few bad apples, I suppose, but I never ran into one of them.

Watching my kids now as they romp around the living room in the evening, I try to picture them as they will be ten, 15, or 20 years hence. Will they be upright, God-fearing men and women, a credit to their Church and to their country? They will be as long as I have anything to say about it!

Nowadays it isn't living beyond his income that gets a man into trouble—it's living beyond his credit.

Hal Chadwick.

The Negro-White Problem: **Principles vs. Practice**

*Third of a series of articles on the Catholic
Digest survey of the race problem in the U.S.*

EIIGHT OUT OF ten whites agree with the Declaration of Independence in saying that "all men are created equal." Seven out of ten say that they like, rather than dislike, most Negroes. Yet only four out of ten whites would be willing to live next door to Negroes. Only five out of ten would even be willing to live in the same neighborhood.

Why? "Because Negroes are different, that's why." Approximately half the whites in the U.S. say that, and many of the reasons they give reveal extreme dislike for most Negroes.

These are only a few of the paradoxical facts that field research men, knocking on doors all over the country, have just gathered for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. The 2,000 interviews the research men obtained showed the obvious conflicts: between Negro and white, between segregationist and desegregationist, between North and South. These were familiar to most people already, although this was the first time they had been accurately measured.

But when the reports on the door-to-door interviews came in to be analyzed, another important conflict soon became apparent, one that few people have taken any notice of, the conflict that exists within individuals themselves.

Idealism versus prejudice, intellect versus emotion, principles versus practice are all ways to describe this inner conflict: it is what people think versus what they do. The pattern ran through the survey.

People would tell the questioner that they believed one thing, then admit cheerfully a few minutes later that they practiced another. A white who accepts the Negro in the abstract avoids him in person. It is as though he were saying, "Certainly I like John Jones, the elevator operator. Live next to him? Certainly not."

This was not true of everyone. Certain persons kept a consistent point of view throughout the interview. But many kept switching about, according to whether the questions were abstract or concrete.

Negroes say they like whites; whites say they like Negroes. An-

swers to general questions like this showed little indication that a race problem even exists. But "Would you work next to a Negro?" "Would you live next door to a Negro?" were quite different matters. It was only when the research men got down to concrete, specific situations like this that they could perceive the real extent of interracial tensions. The answers to abstract questions showed general agreement among Americans. The answers to practical questions showed conflict.

Some whites would not even work for an employer who hired Negroes. Those were obviously the extremists, and so (because to analyze the survey results it was necessary to show definite degrees of prejudice) it was decided to label them as the "most prejudiced." "Most prejudiced" is not synonymous with "segregationists." Only two out of ten southern, and three out of ten northern defenders of racial segregation would refuse to work for an employer who hired Negroes. Special notice was taken of how these "most prejudiced" persons answered other questions of the survey.

"Do you think that the Declaration of Independence was right, only half-right, or not right at all when it stated that 'all men are created equal?'" was the second question the research men asked each person they were interviewing. They brought it up before they gave any indication that the race problem was the real subject of the survey.

Even so, definite differences of opinion showed that at least some people related it to the race question. Almost a fourth of the southern whites questioned the statement to some degree. And one group showed less than majority acceptance: the "most prejudiced" southern whites, of whom only 45% accepted it as true. Apparently, this article of the Declaration of Independence is more on their minds than it is on the minds of the northern "most prejudiced"; 68% of those northerners thought it was right.

But generally speaking, the results were as expected; four out of five whites, North and South combined (two out of three southerns-

THE PREJUDICE SCALE

Least prejudiced. Those who are willing to live next door to Negroes: 48% of northern whites, and 19% of southerners. And those who would be willing to live in the same general neighborhood: 59% of northerners and 32% of southerners.

Intermediate. Those who say they would be willing to work for an employer who hired Negroes: 88% of northern whites and 77% of southern whites. And those who would be willing to work next to Negroes: 79% of northern whites and 48% of southern whites.

Most prejudiced. Those who say they would refuse to work for an employer who hired Negroes: northerners, 10%; southerners, 18%.

ers), and four out of five Negroes say the statement is true.

Compare these answers with those to another theoretical question, "Would you say that you like most members of the other race or that you dislike them?"

	Like	Dislike
Northern whites	70%	9%
Most prejudiced	17	49
Southern whites	67	11
Most prejudiced	62	21
Northern Negroes	80	4
Southern Negroes	70	7

It is difficult to speak of a "race problem" in the face of such mutual protestations of liking. Even so, this question did call forth some interesting reactions. A higher-than-expected proportion of southern whites said they liked most Negroes. The range of feelings expressed about Negroes actually turned out to be much greater in the North. Notice the startling difference between the "most prejudiced" persons: 49% in the North, but only 21% in the South, dislike Negroes.

Negroes show relatively uniform liking for whites, though this percentage is noticeably lower in the South. There were other interesting differences between North and South. 1. In the North, slightly more men than women like Negroes; in the South, the situation is reversed. 2. In the South, type of neighborhood makes little difference in people's attitudes toward Negroes. In the North, the proportion of whites who dislike Negroes

is twice as great in mixed neighborhoods as it is in all-white neighborhoods.

But we shouldn't overlook the forest for the trees. The differences between North and South are slight, the area of agreement is very large. Seven out of ten whites like Negroes, and an even greater number of Negroes like whites.

Yet—"Would you be willing to work for an employer who also hired members of the other race? To work next to them? To live in the same general neighborhood? To live next door to them?"

These are not abstract questions. They called for the person being interviewed to picture a specific situation, and to visualize how he would react to it. And the reactions were very different from those to the abstract questions.

<i>No! I wouldn't—</i>	Northern whites	Southern whites
Work for same employer	10%	18%
Work next to Negroes	17	46
Live in the same neighborhood	37	65
Live next door to Negroes	45	78

In the South, though two thirds of the whites like Negroes, half would draw the line at working next to them. Fully eight out of ten would refuse to live next door. In the North, half the whites would draw the line at living next door to a Negro family.

Question: Would you say that you like most members of the other race or that you dislike them?

	NORTH		SOUTH		
	Like	Dislike	Like	Dislike	
All Whites.....	70%	9%	All Whites.....	67%	11%
Men.....	72	9	Men.....	66	14
Women.....	68	10	Women.....	69	7
Segregationists.....	44	24	Segregationists.....	64	14
Desegregationists.....	86	1	Desegregationists.....	78	1
Least prejudiced.....	87	1	Least prejudiced.....	74	7
Most prejudiced.....	17	49	Most prejudiced.....	62	21
White areas.....	72	8	White areas.....	67	11
Mixed areas.....	60	16	Mixed areas.....	69	10
Northern Negroes.....	0	4	Southern Negroes.....	70	7

Questions: Would you be willing to: work for an employer who also hired Negroes? Work next to Negroes? Live in the same general neighborhood with Negroes? Live next door to Negroes?

	Employer		Work beside		Neighborhood		Next door	
	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No
Northern whites.....	88%	10%	79%	17%	59%	37%	48%	45%
Men.....	91	8	82	14	63	35	51	42
Women.....	86	12	77	20	56	38	46	47
Segregationists.....	69	28	52	44	23	76	16	82
Desegregationists.....	99	1	95	4	80	17	69	24
Least prejudiced.....	99	1	95	3	99	*	82	13
Most prejudiced.....	—	100	—	98	—	100	—	100
White areas.....	89	10	80	16	59	36	49	44
Mixed areas.....	87	10	76	21	60	37	49	46
Southern whites.....	77	18	48	46	32	65	19	78
Men.....	83	14	56	41	29	68	15	81
Women.....	71	22	40	51	35	62	22	75
Segregationists.....	73	22	40	56	24	74	11	87
Desegregationists.....	90	5	81	11	62	35	51	46
Least prejudiced.....	92	7	71	24	96	3	56	38
Most prejudiced.....	—	100	—	99	—	97	—	100
White areas.....	76	19	45	49	23	74	14	84
Mixed areas.....	80	14	58	36	65	32	34	59

Question: Except for their color, in what ways would you say that Negroes are different from whites?

	Whites, North	Whites, South	Negroes
They're not different.....	55%	24%	87%
Worse standards, morals.....	10	40	1
Different standards, culture.....	8	11	5
Less educated.....	12	14	1
Less intelligent.....	2	18	*
Emotionally different.....	6	5	1
Lazy, slovenly, undependable.....	3	9	*
Superior to whites.....	3	2	3
Physically different (lips, hair).....	2	2	1
Odor.....	1	2	-
Belligerent, aggressive.....	2	1	*
Dishonest, carry weapons.....	1	2	-
Don't stick together.....	-	-	1
Other mentions.....	2	2	1
Don't know.....	5	4	1

*Less than 1/2%. Percentages add to more than 100 because of multiple answers.

The Negroes were most consistent. In an overwhelming majority, from 97% to 99%, Negroes answered Yes to all the above questions—except that only 86% of southern Negroes would be willing to live in the same neighborhood as whites, and only 79% would want to live next door to them. (Yes answers to this last question drop down to 71% among southern Negroes over 55 years old.)

Even the desegregationists were inconsistent when they answered concrete questions. Of the northern whites who wish to do away with racial segregation, a good fourth said they would refuse to live next door to Negroes. So would half of the southern desegregationists.

These answers, to some extent, can be partly explained. Some northerners, when the interviewer asked them about living next door to Negroes, might have visualized Negro slum areas, and said to themselves, "I don't want to live there." And many southerners would argue that liking Negroes, conceding them equality, doesn't necessarily mean that they would like to work beside them.

But these qualifications only lessen the force of contradiction; they don't explain it away. There is still a vast difference between what people believe and what they do, even among those who proclaim most loudly that segregation should be ended.

Why? Because, ideals apart, just

about half of white Americans feel that Negroes are "different."

"Except for their color, in what ways would you say that Negroes are different from whites?" They aren't different; one half of the northern whites and a fourth of the southern whites say that. Those who said they are different gave more derogatory explanations than they did neutral or favorable ones.

Different culture. There are two ways you can say this. You can say Negroes are different, just as Orientals are different. *Different* means just what it says, not *worse*. It means different standards of value, different ways of reacting to things, a different culture. Five per cent of Negroes admit a difference in this sense. So do 8% of northern and 11% of southern whites.

Or you can say, "Negroes have worse standards, no morals; they just aren't as civilized." Now, despite the fact that two thirds of southerners say that they like Negroes, 40% of them would phrase it just this way. Some 10% of northern whites would say "worse" rather than "just different," too.

Intelligence. Another common distinction is that between education and intelligence. If you say Negroes are different, you can put it, "They aren't as well educated; their schools are inferior." Some 14% of southern and 12% of northern whites would say this. So would 1% of Negroes.

Or you can say, "Negroes are ig-

norant. They are less intelligent to begin with." Only 2% of northerners say this, but the proportion of southerners is much bigger, 18%.

When so many people answered No to the questions, "Would you work next to Negroes? Live next door to them?" it must have been these differences of which they were thinking. At any rate, they were not thinking of their answers to "Do you like Negroes?"

In the South, four out of ten people say Negroes have worse morals, two out of ten say they're ignorant, one person in ten says they're lazy, slovenly, and undependable.

Question: Which three or four men would you say have been our greatest presidents?

	Whites		
	No.	So.	Negroes
Lincoln	72%	50%	51%
F. D. Roosevelt	58	67	81
Washington	58	54	19
Eisenhower	47	46	30
Truman	12	14	39
Wilson	15	24	5

No other president is named by as many as 20% of any of the three groups. This was a multiple-choice question, so percentages add up to more than 100%.

It is interesting that whites and Negroes have different favorites. A possible explanation might be that the favorite presidents of the Negroes—Roosevelt, Lincoln, Truman and Eisenhower—are those who have done the most for the Negro race.

The proportion of persons giving these reasons is lower in the North, but when added up, it, too, amounts to a substantial number.

The strange thing about all this is not so much the fact that many people look down on Negroes or wouldn't live next door to them. Everyone knows people who act like this toward Negroes. The strange thing is that so many people who believe in these differences still say they like Negroes, and say that all men are created equal. After all, the equals sign works both ways. Negroes are not only created equal to you, you are created equal to Negroes.

The only explanation for the contradictory answers is that many whites are guilty of contradictory thinking. They react to Negroes in two different ways. They approve that mythical creature, the Negro in the abstract. They disapprove of that most concrete Negro, Jim Jones next door.

In theory, most whites accept Negroes. In practice, few do. How does this affect the race problem? It might indicate that most whites are probably ready to admit Negroes as legal equals, though not as social equals. For when whites think abstractly of the Negro race, they tend to think of Negroes as the equals of other whites. But certainly not, in terms of the "different" Negro next door, the equal of themselves.

Plainly, on the race question, most Americans are very confused.

By Rear Adm. Maurice S. Sheehy, CH.C., USNR

Farewell to a Chaplain

*A priest tells of a Sunday
that he will never forget*

THE SUN SHONE brightly over a glasslike ocean, but a ship was weeping. Captain, officers, salty old warrants and chiefs, were paying tribute from the heart to one who like his Master had come across the waters to strengthen and console them.

In my calendar, the day was Sunday, July 31, 1955. I may be mistaken by a day, since I forgot on which side of the international date line we were sailing. I was on my annual cruise as a naval chaplain. On July 9 I had gone aboard the *USS Manchester*.

Two letters drew me to this ship. One letter was from a Merchant Marine skipper, Capt. Dale Collins. The captain, because of his remarkable record in the 2nd World War, the taking in of five ships on the first echelon of landing operations, had received the great honor of being the only reserve officer transferred to the regular navy to command a cruiser.

The other letter was from the chaplain, Ernst Wolfram. Ernie, as I soon learned to call him, was a Lutheran, but he wanted the Catholic men on his ship to have services

en route to a tour of duty in the West Pacific. "Come as soon as you can," he wrote me, a stranger, "and stay as long as you can. A hearty welcome awaits you."

From the moment I came aboard, Ernie could not do enough for me. Had his own father, a professor in a Lutheran college, come aboard, he could not have received more considerate treatment.

It is hard to be both a priest and an admiral. Ernie gave the boys—and the officers—the word as soon as I came aboard. "Call him Father," he told them, "and don't be afraid of his stars."

Thanks to captain and chaplain, the *Manchester* accepted me. We sailed on a silken sea and under a full moon at night. It was so beautiful that Ernie and I skipped the movies to sit under the No. 1 turret and visit. Ernie told me about his schooldays, his wonderful parents, the girl he had just married in California, his hopes for the future.

The admiral's quarters on the *Manchester* were located across the gangway from those of the chaplain. I saw Ernie 20 times a day. Always he wore a smile; he carried sunshine

daily to every part of his ship.

While I did my work as a priest, saying Mass each day and caring for the Catholic boys, I also finished another novel, *The Priestly Heart*, the story of a young priest who at the age of 28 saw life through the vision of one dying. Just as the sun appears different to one lying in a hole, so, too, it is with life.

We had great fun, Ernie and I, both aboard ship and at Honolulu. We swam at Waikiki beach, and he left me panting in my effort to keep my 57 years abreast of his 32.

Knowing how I love the navy, he teased me a bit. "Maybe I ought to go back to a civilian parish and be a pastor again," he suggested. He had been a pastor in Portland, Ore.

"You belong to the navy," I said heatedly, "The men love you. You should give your whole life to it." I think he agreed with me.

There wasn't a cloud in the sky on July 30. But a cloud came into my life after I had said Mass and had breakfast.

Ernie walked into my room without a twinkle in his eye. "I'm real sick," he said simply.

Had anyone else said that, I would not have been much disturbed. But I knew this young chaplain. He was simplicity and sincerity personified. "Let's go to the sick bay," I urged, "and find out what's wrong."

"I've been there," he said, "and the doctor gave me some medicine. But I can't keep anything on my

stomach. I never felt this way before."

I am not unfamiliar with death. How could I be, I who had been chaplain on land and at sea in wartime? I, who began my first day on the old *Saratoga* with a burial at sea?

Yet nothing in my experience prepared me for the next 36 hours. The young priest in my novel had just died; the young chaplain, if I might trust my sixth sense, was dying; and I marched into the valley of death with him as far as I might go.

At noon, after keeping watch over Ernie all morning, I wanted to bring him food. He could not eat. Half jestingly, I said, "If a Lutheran were really sick, what prayers would he want a Catholic priest to say for him?"

He indicated a few. Meanwhile, I began to pass the word to all men, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, that the *Manchester* needed to do some praying for its chaplain.

"How are you coming now, Ernie?" I would ask at each visit.

Looking me in the eye, he would answer, "I'm worse."

We sent out a helicopter to pick up two other doctors in the cruiser division. They examined Ernie. They had long faces, too. An immediate operation was decided upon.

A call went out for blood donors. I never before saw such competition in the navy. All the young officers not at stations rolled up their sleeves. Enlisted men stood like sentinels at

the portals of death, anxious to help in saving a life.

As a priest, I have always felt it my duty to tell the truth to one who is dying. At 8 P.M., I faced up to that duty.

"Ernie," I said, "we're going to say those prayers, together, and then I'll help you make an act of contrition; and if you don't mind, I'd like to say some prayers out of my own ritual."

He grasped my hand. We said the prayers. Then I did something of which I am ashamed. My voice broke, and I could not restrain my tears.

He nodded gravely, "I know." These were the last words I heard him say, save when half conscious he repeated again and again, "I want to go home."

He did go home, about two hours later, even before the operation could be performed. Every man on the ship had the bad news by midnight.

It was Saturday night, and we were still three days from Japan. I had planned when Ernie became ill to conduct a general service for the non-Catholics on Sunday. Now it would have to be a funeral service for Ernie.

For a professor (at the Catholic University of America), I have had more than my share of funeral services. This one was different. Word was passed that a memorial service would be held for Chaplain Wol-

fram. Every man not at his duty station jammed into the stern. I had two Masses for the Catholic men, but most Catholics also came to the memorial service.

What I said was very simple, but it came from the heart. I concluded with these words. "There were many qualities which endeared your chaplain to us, his shipmates: his cheerful smile, his sparkling enthusiasm; his keen sympathy. In my brief association with him I was impressed by his simplicity and his honesty.

"Yet, in a sense, I think he was a thief, a good thief. He had stolen from heaven a dream of peace and good will among men and he strove earnestly to impart that dream to his shipmates. The tears I have seen on this ship today are due to the fact that death has taken something fine from out your lives. Is it not possible that he took that something to his Father's house?"

As I finished, the sun was bright and the ocean was fittingly calm. The bugler stepped forward to play taps, and a great sob rose from the deck.

Three days later, Ernie and I both left the *Manchester*, I to fly on to Formosa, Okinawa, the Philippines, and home. There was no ceremony when Ernie's body was lowered over the side in Yokosuka to be flown home. None was needed. Everyone just took off his hat, wiped his eyes, and carried on as a sailor should.

By Eugene Burdick
Condensed from "This Week"*

How You'll Vote in November

Your preference can be predicted right now

YOU'LL PROBABLY make up your mind this month about the man you'll pick for President when you go to the polls in November. And the way you'll vote can be predicted with a very high degree of accuracy, right now!

Careful studies show that once the candidates are chosen, most Americans make their decision almost instantly. This assumes (and it is an important assumption) that both candidates are fairly close to what Americans expect their candidate to be. And, of course, it assumes that there will be no unforeseen developments during the campaign which might disturb the popular image of either candidate.

For years, Americans have watched with frequent bewilderment the oratory, passion, partisanship, and publicity which make up a presidential campaign.

Recently, however, organizations like the University of Michigan survey research center and the bureau for applied social research at Columbia university have revealed that beneath the chaotic surface there is a great deal of order in the

way Americans vote. So, although each individual makes his own decision after long exposure to many factors, we now know a great deal about what makes him vote Republican or Democratic.

And even if you are one of those people who will go to the polls without having made up your mind, your very indecision can already be predicted.

A striking aspect of our American system of democracy is that the voters split up into two almost equal groups: Republican and Democratic. (The Democrats do outnumber the Republicans, but because more Republicans usually turn out to vote, the Democratic advantage is neutralized.) Only in very exceptional elections, such as the Roosevelt-Landon race of 1936, does the successful candidate win by more than a very small percentage of the total vote. Even Eisenhower's "landslide" victory of 1952 would have been turned into defeat if less than 6% of the voters had voted the other way.

The pressures which are subtly, almost invisibly, at work making

*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17, May 13, 1956. © 1956 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

you lean toward either the Democratic or the Republican party will be revealed in the test following this article. Some people favor a party strongly even before they know who the candidates will be; these are the party regulars. They will vote against their party only if they violently disapprove of the candidate or are seriously disturbed by some issue. Other people "lean" toward one party, but not too strongly. Still another group are what the voting experts call undecideds: persons who cannot quite make up their minds. But in nine cases out of ten, the test will tell you how you will vote in November.

This does not mean that the campaign and the election are unimportant. Quite the contrary. For one thing, the campaign will force the undecideds either to make a choice or to stay home on voting day. In 1948, it was the sudden switch of the undecideds to Truman that made all the major polls wrong. Also, remember that the margin between defeat and victory is so narrow that if even a small fraction of the voters decide not to vote, they can radically alter the results.

One of our great strengths is the knowledge on the part of victorious parties that their margin of advantage is narrow. For that reason, whichever party wins seeks to adopt a program which will meet the needs of the greatest possible number of Americans. That's why great moderation and lack of political ex-

tremism are characteristic of American politics.

Now, here is how to find your voting profile.

Scientific voting studies show that party preferences are determined by an individual's background, the political attitudes of his parents and friends, his guess as to the "best" party for him, his vision of the future, and other factors. The voting profile examines your attitudes on these questions.

Jot down your answers quickly; first impressions will be most accurate. If a statement does not apply to you, skip it. For the first five questions, assume that both parents and spouse are living, even if this is not the case.

Add up the figures in each column. Then subtract the smaller total from the larger. The difference is your net voting preference. The column in which it appears is that of the party toward which you "lean."

R | D

1. Is your father a Democrat or Republican? Put 5 points under the column of your father's party.....

2. Is your mother a Democrat or Republican? Put 5 points under the column of your mother's party.....

3. If your father and mother are of the same party, put 5 points under that party.....

4. If your father and mother are of *different* parties, cross

out the figures you entered after statements 1 and 2. (You are showing signs of what experts call "cross-pressure.")

5. Is your spouse a Democrat or a Republican? Put 15 points under the party which he or she usually supports. (If you vote differently from your spouse, you are under great "cross-pressure.")

6. Answer quickly and "off-the-cuff"—do you think most of your friends are Democrats or Republicans? Put 10 points under the party which most of your friends support.

7. If you are under 30 years of age, put 4 points in the Democrat column.

8. If you are over 30, put 4 points in the Republican column.

9. If you live in one of the following states, put 6 points in the Democrat column.

Virginia Georgia Alabama
North Carolina Florida
Mississippi South Carolina
Louisiana Arkansas

10. Put 2 points in the column of the party which you think will win this year, regardless of which party you prefer.

11. If you read a foreign-language newspaper regularly, put 3 points in the Democrat column.

12. If you are of Scandina-

R | D

vian, German, or Scotch-English ancestry put 2 points in the Republican column.

13. If you are of Irish, Italian, or Polish ancestry, put 2 points in the Democrat column.

14. If you are a factory worker, put 4 points in the Democrat column.

15. If you live in the suburbs or on a farm or in a town smaller than 40,000, put 3 points in the Republican column.

16. If you live in a city larger than 50,000, put 3 points in the Democrat column.

17. Regardless of which party you prefer, under what party do you think you will be better off in an economic sense? Put 10 points under the column of that party. (Note: If you and your spouse differ on this question and also on question No. 5, you are about as "cross-pressed" as a voter can get!)

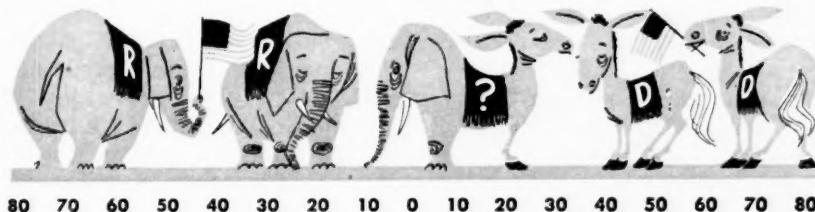
18. Quickly and "off-the-cuff" think of an older person whom you respect very highly. Put 2 points under the party column which you think this person belongs to.

19. The last time you discussed politics with a group, did you have the impression that the group was mostly Republican or Democrat? Put 4 points under the appropriate

R | D

	R	D
column		
20. If you make less than \$5,000 per year, put 4 points in the Democrat column.....		
Totals.....		
Subtract smaller total from larger.....		
Net voting preference.....		

Now, put your pencil on the zero of the scoring chart. Move it toward the donkey if your net score was Democratic, toward the elephant if it was Republican. If your pencil stops in the 60 to 80 area, you will almost certainly vote for that party, between 30 and 60, it's ten to one you'll vote for that party. Between 20 and 30, chances are better than even. Ten or less makes you an Independent.



AMERICAN 'HOLY CARDS'

A priest in Bavaria went to call on "Mother" Grundle, a poor widow of the village. Her windowpanes, he noted, were broken; there was only one chair that could be used; the carpets had holes; her clothing was in rags. A few potatoes were all the food she had in the house.

"Why, Mother," the priest said, "don't you have a wealthy son somewhere in the U. S.?"

"Oh yes, Father, he lives in California."

"Doesn't he know how hard a time you're having? Why doesn't he help? Does he write?"

"Oh, but Father, he does not neglect me. He writes every week and sends holy cards. American holy cards." Mother Grundle went to an old trunk, and after removing a layer of papers, brought up a shoe box. "See, Father, I've kept all of them!"

The priest, examining the "holy cards," found them to be several thousand U. S. dollars! "Why, Mother Grundle, these are American greenbacks—you're rich! Get them to the bank at once! Tony is indeed a good son."

Los Angeles *Tidings*.

By James J. Haggerty, Jr.
Condensed from "Collier's"*

Subways of Ice in Greenland

*Great tunnels may help us
push military bases closer
to the North Pole*

FOR THE LAST two years, U.S. Army Engineers have been secretly digging experimental tunnels under the great Greenland icecap. The project could pave the way for a wartime maze of tunnels, permitting movement of men and supplies across the frozen wasteland, out of reach of the forbidding weather and out of sight of enemy reconnaissance.

No large-scale tunneling has been attempted yet. But from its early experimental work, the corps has evolved a simple, low-cost, speedy method of construction. Arctic experts say that a trans-Greenland subway for electric trains with under-ice stations en route appears entirely feasible. Moreover, the corps has learned how to build aircraft runways of compacted snow strong enough to accommodate some of the largest planes in service.

I visited Greenland with photographer Lew Merrim and Col. Ar-



thur H. Lahlum, an Arctic expert, for a preview of this fascinating project.

To understand the full potentials of the ice-tunnel program, it is necessary to know the nature of Greenland's icecap. The vast island might be likened to a huge bowl packed with ice. The coastal mountains form the rim of the bowl, and it contains three quarters of a million square miles of solid ice. Built up by countless centuries of snowfall that never melts (even in summer the temperature never rises above freezing), the icecap at some points is two miles thick.

On the west coast of Greenland, the U.S. Air Force has built one of its most strategic installations, the giant, sprawling Thule air base. It was built under a NATO agreement with the Danish government, which owns Greenland. Thule (pronounced Tool-ee) lies some

*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. May 11, 1956. © 1956 by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

700 miles above the Arctic circle and is about 400 miles closer to the Pole than the northernmost tip of Alaska.

An arc drawn from Thule with a radius of 2,500 nautical miles (reasonable range for the heavy bombers of our Strategic Air Command) would swing through Warsaw and Moscow and thence through the upper portion of the USSR all the way east to the Kamchatka peninsula. A similar arc drawn from Alaska would cover only the eastern portion of the USSR.

But Thule itself need not be our ultimate base in the Arctic. Almost 500 miles closer to the Pole, and only a little more than 2,000 miles from Moscow, is a large land area on the northern tip of Greenland, known as Peary Land. It could be used as an air-base site or as a launching area for missiles, adding hundreds of miles of range capability to either bombers or missiles. That is, Peary Land could be used as a base if there were some way of supplying it.

Unfortunately, the waterways on its approaches are closed the year round by impenetrable ice. And between Thule and Peary Land lie 600 to 700 miles of the desolate, treacherous icecap, where storms are frequent and violent, and where the year-round cold constitutes a tremendous barrier to surface transportation.

The army has been conducting experiments in moving tonnage

across the surface of the cap by caterpillar tractors, but the results leave much to be desired. The icecap today is dotted with abandoned "cats," mute testimony to the fact that the Arctic wasteland will not be conquered easily.

It was Dr. Henri Bader, chief scientist of the Army's Snow, Ice, and Permafrost Research establishment at Wilmette, Ill., who conceived the idea of tunneling under the ice. The army thought the idea worth exploring, and formed the 1st Engineer Arctic Task Force, which began its tunneling studies in the summer of 1954 with Colonel Lahlum as its head.

From Thule, Lew Merrim and I flew to Site 2, one of the two permanent installations on the icecap. Its exact location is still secret, but an enemy would have a difficult time finding it even if it were pinpointed on a map. When built, Site 2 was half on the surface and half below it, but the snows of four seasons have covered it. The station consists of three large cylinders of about 15 feet diameter used as main corridors, with other interconnecting pipes.

When we debarked at Site 2, the air was so thin that we felt as though we were standing atop a high mountain, as indeed we were: a mountain of snow and ice 7,000 feet thick. Even the slightest exertion made breathing laborious, and this fact, coupled with the 37°-below-zero cold and a 10-knot wind

made the 100-yard trip to shelter a real ordeal.

We were greeted by Capt. Charles N. Davis, of Springfield, Ill., commanding officer of the 20-man detachment at the station. He smiled at our comments about the weather.

"This is relatively mild," he said. "It's been down to minus 63° this winter and we've had winds of more than 60 knots." Davis and his men rarely venture out of their pipe except to unload an incoming supply plane. Monotony is the biggest problem at Site 2; for the "ice worms," as they call themselves, have nothing to do but eat, sleep, and work.

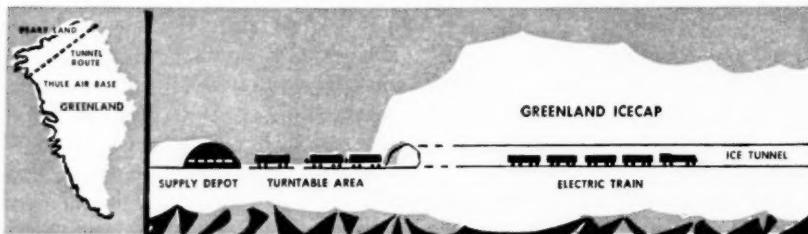
After a brief recuperating period, we set out for the complex of experimental tunnels already excavated by the Engineers. We loaded aboard a sled pulled by a "cat," which groaned and bumped over the uneven surface at a snail's pace. The cold seemed to become more intense with each minute, and our parka hoods froze over with snow.

After 20 minutes, we reached a cylindrical escape hatch jutting up above the floor of the snow desert.

We descended through it, groping for the ladder rungs in pitch darkness. At the bottom, a dozen feet below the surface, we entered a small room with walls and ceiling of ice.

The octagonal anteroom was about ten feet high. "This," said Colonel Lahlum, "was one of our early and not too successful experiments. We were exploring the idea of building snowhouses as emergency quarters. It was originally built on the surface, out of snow blocks, like an igloo, and insulated with materials like plywood and Fiberglas. But the snow was too porous, and we never could heat it properly."

Each man carrying a lantern, we descended a flight of snow stairs in one corner of the room and started through a maze of tunnels. They were on various levels and of various sizes. Some were taller than a tall man; some, used only to connect the larger tunnels, permitted passage only on all fours. The early tunnels had been dug by hand; later, a machine was used. They ranged in length from a few feet to more than ten yards.



"We could have built them any length we wanted," said Lahlum, "but in the early days we had very few troops to do the work. At this site we have 1,500 feet of tunnels."

We entered a tunnel larger than the rest, about 12 feet wide and almost as high. On the floor and ceiling were small pegs driven into the ice and connected by a string.

Lahlum explained that the pegs measured the rate at which the tunnels are closing in. The icecap is constantly moving; the tremendous weight of the snows which fall on the surface pushes down on the ice below, forcing it toward the coasts and ultimately into the sea as icebergs.

Each year's snow starts out as a layer about four feet thick, but as new snow falls, the layers below are compressed. "When the pegs were first put in, all the strings were taut. Now, as you can see, the vertical string is fairly slack, and the horizontal string also has a bit of play. The amount of play is the extent to which the sides have moved closer together."

The tunnel ceiling had dropped a couple of inches since it was made less than two years earlier. There was, however, no danger of a collapse, Lahlum added; the downward movement of the ice is very slow. I noticed that it suddenly seemed much warmer in this tunnel. I asked Colonel Lahlum if it actually were.

"Yes, quite a bit warmer," he re-

plied. "Down here it is a constant 13° below, and, of course, we don't have the wind-chill effect. At some point, and we figure it to be about 20 feet below the surface, the temperature becomes constant at minus 13°, because that is the mean annual temperature in this area."

We passed out of the tunnel and came upon "Benedict's Hole," a shaft eight feet wide and 100 feet deep, named after Sgt. Carl W. Benedict, of Massena, N. Y., who dug it with pick and shovel, working all one summer on it.

"This was dug because we wanted to find out more about the composition of the ice at various levels," said Napier. "We took samples at several depths and sent them to the research establishment for study."

When 35-year-old Sergeant Benedict reached the 100-foot depth, he was standing on snow which had fallen in the year of his birth. From the bottom of Benedict's Hole, the Engineers drilled a small, three-inch shaft down another 57 feet, and took samples with an auger. This ice was found to be approximately 68 years old.

"This year," Napier added, "we hope to go down to 1,500 feet and, perhaps, eventually, all the way." Should they be able to reach the bottom, the Engineers will have samples of snow which fell in some dim, prehistoric age; no one is sure just when the icecap started to form.

At the far end of the tunnel

complex we came upon the largest of the tunnels: 18 feet high, about 40 feet long, and wide enough for a small vehicle. This type of tunnel would be used for long-distance transport. It was made, Colonel Lahlum told us, by a method known as "cut and cover." A snow-plow digs a trench of the desired height and width, which is then roofed over with metal or heavy plywood. Snow is then blown over the roof; freezing, it forms a snow bridge or ceiling. After a week, the snow has frozen so solidly that the roofing material can be removed.

Colonel Lahlum kicked the tunnel floor with his heel. "As you can see," he said, "it's just like concrete. We have determined that it is strong enough to permit the laying of track for an electric train." It would have to be electric, Lahlum thinks, because a fuel-burning vehicle would leave fumes.

"The beauty of this type of construction," Napier added, "is that you use only native materials, snow and ice. The roofing can be used over and over again." It is this material economy that makes long-distance tunnel construction attractive. A tunnel across Greenland could be built far more cheaply than a gravel road on the surface.

Is there any limit to the width and depth such tunnels could be built? "None that we have found yet," Lahlum told me. "We can build them any size, which brings up another point. We could use

cut-and-cover to build underground living and storage quarters, insulated and heated. Down here" (we were now 24 feet beneath the surface) "the outside temperature does not penetrate, so it would not be difficult to heat the quarters."

At Camp Tuto, 14 miles southeast of Thule air base, we found the longest of the Engineers' experimental tunnels, one which bores 500 feet into the ice cliff. Napier's seven-man crew, headed by Sergeant Benedict, strung a series of electric-light bulbs, powered by a portable generator, the length of the tunnel, and we walked to the far end. At this point, we were under about 250 feet of solid ice.

"This ice," said Colonel Lahlum, "has about the same consistency as hard coal. If we wanted to build a full-scale transport tunnel, we would use ordinary mining machinery. We couldn't build it as fast as by the cut-and-cover method, but then we wouldn't have as far to go—perhaps 30 miles to get past the rough edges of the icecap, where we would curve upward to meet the cut-and-covers."

Someday the tunnel may go all the way, permitting trains with tons of supplies to speed under the great ice mass to new outposts in Greenland. It is still only a possibility, not a plan, but the fact that the Engineers have been willing to tackle it is very much in keeping with the motto of the corps: "*Essaysons!*" ("Let us try!").

By William A. Lydgate
Condensed from "Redbook"*

How Good Is Your Dentist?

*If you know what good care is,
you will be more likely to get it*

HOW CAN YOU tell whether your dentist is taking good care of your teeth? Are his fees fair? How does his treatment compare with what you would get if you were to transfer over to another dentist?

To get the facts, I began by interviewing practicing dentists and faculty members of one of the nation's leading dental schools. Then *Redbook* conducted a survey in which 15 selected volunteers went for dental examinations to 48 different dentists in 15 cities from Albany, N. Y., to Spokane, Wash. Each volunteer had her teeth examined by three different dentists in succession. None of the dentists knew that a survey was being conducted.

The examinations given by some of these dentists fell far short of the minimum standards set by the American Dental association; others, however, were remarkably thorough. In 60% of the cases, different dentists looking at the same mouth reached the same general conclusions as to conditions that needed attention. But in the remaining cases, there were some startling differences.

Dentist A in El Paso, Texas, told



a patient she had nine cavities. Dentist B in the same city told her she had five. But Dentist C found only two. A volunteer in Winston Salem, N. C., climbed out of the first dental chair thinking she had only four cavities, out of the second thinking she had eight, and out of the third thinking she had 13.

The fees for proposed treatment varied widely. In one patient's case the estimates ranged from \$5 to \$92; in another case, they ranged from \$140 to \$525.

The ADA considers X rays essential to a good examination, yet nearly half the dentists failed to take any. Many also failed to take the patient's dental and medical history. At least one-fourth didn't even mention cleaning the teeth. On the other hand, all the dentists had high scores for discovering serious gum

*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. June, 1956. © 1956 by McCall Corp.,
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conditions, such as gum recession or erosion, pyorrhea, and loose teeth.

When I showed these startling findings to a dental-school official, he said, "We know that some dentists give only superficial examinations. Every dentist knows the kind of examination he *ought* to give. But some are so busy that they skip some parts, or take short cuts. Most patients don't know what a good examination is, anyway. Other patients don't want to take the time to let the dentist do a decent job."

"But the point to remember is this," he continued. "Good dental service is available in just about every community—if you want it and are willing to look for it."

"You mean the kind of examination a patient gets may be largely up to him?" I asked.

"Exactly," he replied. "If you know what good dental care is, your dentist will be more likely to give it to you."

In *Redbook's* survey each volunteer filled out a questionnaire after each examination, recording exactly what the dentist had done and said. The survey, of course, did not attempt to cover a full cross-section of the dental profession. But it did provide some revealing information on the way 48 dentists in different parts of the country examined patients whom they had never seen before.

Here are the main points that should be included in a dental examination—and how the dentists in

the survey scored on each point.

Dental and health history. Have you ever had sodium fluoride treatments? Are you allergic to novocain? Is there a calcium or vitamin deficiency in your diet?

These are important points for the dentist to check. If you require anesthesia during tooth drilling or extraction, he will want to make sure that you don't have lung trouble, heart trouble, or diabetes. Dentists are often the first to spot cases of diabetes; an excessively sweet odor on the breath is an early symptom.

If the dentist plans to crown your teeth with porcelain jackets, he must first know whether you are a bruxist. Bruxism is the habit of grinding your teeth together in your sleep. No porcelain jacket could withstand such grinding.

Excessive tooth decay may indicate poor diet. The person who nibbles on cookies and other sweets five or six times a day invites tooth decay. Moreover, thousands of cases show that there is a direct relationship between the health of the teeth or gums and the health of the entire body. For example, deep cracks in the corners of your mouth may indicate riboflavin deficiency.

Certain occupational diseases can damage mouth tissues. Bakers, for instance, often develop widespread cavities and flabby, spongy gums from the inhalation of flour and sugar. Biting fingernails, opening safety pins, cracking nuts or biting

threads can affect your teeth. The dentist should inquire about all these conditions.

Of the 48 dentists covered in the survey, only 12 took down formal histories. This seems like a very poor showing. However, some dentists probably got pertinent information by asking questions informally during the examination.

Cleaning. If you think the main purpose of cleaning is to make your teeth look white and attractive, you're wrong.

Between the teeth, and at the edges of the gums, are crevices similar to the spaces between your fingernails and the surrounding skin. Deposits of tartar get into these crevices, causing pockets and irritating the gum tissue. If this tartar isn't removed, you may develop pyorrhea. Also, the dentist cannot see the surfaces of your teeth well enough to spot cracks or cavities if your teeth are stained or coated with tartar. For these reasons, the ADA recommends a thorough cleaning every six months.

The dentists' score on this point was quite good. Thirty-six out of the 48 either recommended cleaning or actually did it. The other 12 didn't mention this important part of the checkup.

X Ray. A tooth is a little like an iceberg in that the greater part is submerged in the gum. Only with X rays can the dentist tell whether decay is hidden deep inside the tooth or underneath an old filling.

X-ray films also show him the condition of the roots, whether the pulp is abscessed or inflamed, and whether the tooth itself is attached at the proper angle to the jawbone. X rays will also help the dentist to find cavities that cannot be seen with the naked eye. No dental examination is complete, says the ADA, unless *all* the teeth are X-rayed.

The number of dentists in the survey who either recommended X rays or took them was low—only 29 out of 48. Yet the great majority of dental offices have the necessary equipment.

Finding Cavities. Few of us escape tooth decay; 95% of all Americans develop dental cavities at some time in life. And 50% of all children have some cavities by the age of two years. The average school child has seven cavities.

Decay often starts with a break in the enamel no bigger than a pinprick and spreads to the pulp chamber, where the nerves and blood vessels are located. Loss of teeth, difficulty in eating, shifting of teeth

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD

Every tooth in a person's mouth is worth \$1,000, a court decision once ruled. On that basis, if you have all your teeth, they're worth a total of \$32,000—a good deal more, probably, than the value of all your possessions, including the house you live in.

into ugly positions, even facial deformities may result from a neglected cavity. Yet many of us have heard a dentist say, "You have a couple of cavities that are too small to fill now. We'll catch them next time."

The ADA condemns this wait-see attitude for two main reasons. The patient may not come back for treatment soon enough; he may delay until the cavities are so big that they start hurting. Second, the decay may progress faster than the dentist anticipated.

In the survey, 30 out of the 48 dentists told patients they had cavities, but six of the 30 said the cavities were "too small to fill now."

Although the different dentists agreed fairly well about the presence or absence of cavities, they quite often disagreed as to the *number* of cavities. Some patients were quite bewildered by the difference. One wrote, "The difference in the amount of work each dentist planned to do is amazing. Dr. A said I have 13 cavities, and he believes they should be filled right away. Dr. B said I have only four. He doesn't think it necessary to fill the small ones unless I have the kind of teeth that decay rapidly. Dr. C's estimate of eight cavities is certainly a good average of the other two, yet I feel Drs. A and B are more accurate because their differences were explainable. Dr. C just wouldn't explain anything."

Dental experts who studied the

survey findings point out that dentistry, for all its professional standards, still has room for improvement. "There are still too many hasty and inaccurate appraisals of what's wrong with the patient's teeth," commented one. "While the dentist who finds the fewest cavities may please the patient, he may not be the most competent dentist."

Pyorrhea is a condition that attacks the tissues around the teeth. It begins with an inflammation of the gums; bleeding is usually the first symptom. If not checked, it spreads to the tooth sockets, and the teeth become loosened and will probably be lost. Many local causes have been blamed: crooked teeth, excess tartar, infection, retention of food. General health conditions, such as allergy, bad diet, pregnancy, and diabetes, may also play a part.

Examination for pyorrhea and for the conditions that lead up to it is, therefore, a vital part of the dental checkup. The dentists' score for this part of the examination was excellent.

Treatment plan and fees. After the examination, don't hesitate to ask the dentist what work he proposes to do, how many visits it will require, and how much he will charge. A good dentist will probably volunteer this information without your asking. (In the survey, about half of them did.) You can work out with him some mutually satisfactory method of payment if the treatment is prolonged.

WHAT SHOULD YOUR DENTIST CHARGE?

Dental societies refuse to set up fee schedules, claiming that such action would interfere with the individual dentist's right to set his own charges. The closest approach to a standard of reasonable dental fees has been drawn up by the Ritter (dental) Equipment Co. of Rochester, N. Y. Fair charges for common procedures would be about as follows:

Cleaning	\$ 8
Single filling (silver)	\$ 6
Porcelain inlay (one tooth surface)	\$17
Gold inlay (one tooth surface)	\$24
Cast gold crown	\$65
Single extraction	\$ 5
Local anesthetic	\$ 3
Examination (with X rays)	\$25
Gum treatment (per visit)	\$ 3

The ADA has never established a standard for computing fees. Each individual dentist devises his own system, and the charges vary widely, depending on such factors as the economic level of the neighborhood, the popularity of the dentist, his skill and experience. A man who has been practicing for 20 years and who has more patients than he can

conveniently handle can be expected to charge two or three times as much as a young graduate just starting practice.

In the survey, one dentist said his charge for two fillings would be \$23; another in the same city proposed a fee of only \$43 for nine cavities. For denture work involving four front teeth, one dentist wanted \$170; another dentist a few blocks away proposed to charge \$232. And so it went.

But don't let your main concern be whether you're getting the cheapest price for dental care. The cheapest price may be based on poor work. Instead, try to judge your dentist by the quality of his performance. One of the easiest and surest ways to do this is to observe the kind of examination he gives.

If your dentist does all that he should do, you may find yourself paying \$25 to \$35 for the examination, plus an additional charge for whatever treatment is necessary. But a less thorough examination may prove false economy in the long run.

Once you learn how to recognize a good examination, you will be able to size up a dentist. If he doesn't give you the complete service you want, keep looking until you find a dentist who does.

The fellow who doesn't let any grass grow under his feet is probably too lazy to plant some. O. A. Battista.

By Edward A. Harrigan
Condensed from the "Ave Maria"**

A Bishop Comes Home

It's a sad homecoming when you leave your heart behind

THE BISHOP was coming home, home to his native Ireland. But it would be a sad homecoming, for he had left his heart behind him in China. He was the Most Rev. Edward J. Galvin, founder of the missionary Society of St. Columban, and the communists had driven him out of his Diocese of Hanyang. It was Sept. 18, 1952. He had spent 40 years in the missions of China. He didn't know it then, but he was never to return.

Now he was bound for Hong Kong, in the custody of three Red police. It took the creaking train 36 hours to make the 600-mile journey from Hanyang to Hong Kong. Between the interruptions of his Red guards, he had much time to remember and to pray. Pray he did, for his oppressors; for the priests and Sisters he had left behind him; for his people, the poorest of God's poor; and for the future welfare of the Church in China.

Why hadn't the Reds killed him? He didn't know—maybe they feared political repercussions; maybe they



thought to save face among the people by withholding martyrdom. God knows, they were doing all in their power to kill the Church.

They had confiscated her properties, killed many priests and nuns and laymen. But the Church has withstood persecutions before. The bishop could console himself on his journey to the coast by thinking about the devotion of China's native bishops, clergy, and Sisters, and the courage of its Catholic people. Only a small minority of the Chinese, he knew, are communists. What was to happen to his people, only God could know. As for the bishop himself, most of what he had built in 40 years had crumbled; he was back where he had started.

Now he would go, for a time, back to County Cork, the place he loved second best to Hanyang. He would visit his people and rest.

*Notre Dame, Ind. May 26, 1956. © 1956 by Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.

It was not hard for him to remember the old farm in Newcestown, on the south bank of the River Lee, where he was born on Nov. 23, 1882, on the feast of St. Columban. He was one of nine children of John and Mary (Lorden) Galvin. The clicking of the train wheels on the rail joints seemed to fade as he remembered that *gossoon* Ed who used to help pick the potatoes; whose feet got wet and cold in the dew when he herded his father's cows from the pasture for the morning's milking; who pitched in with the milking himself when he was old enough.

Again Bishop Galvin saw himself at Mass in the family pew in St. John the Baptist church; or serving at the altar; or riding, of a Sunday afternoon, in the family trap behind a fast colt across the Lee.

Then his memory leaped to junior-seminary days in Cork City, where in free time he would sometimes stand on the quay and watch the waters of the Lee flow backward, when the tide came in. Then to happy days at Maynooth seminary and his ordination in 1909.

Bishop O'Callaghan of Cork had disturbing news for young Father Galvin and the eight others who were ordained with him. Immediately after the ceremony, the bishop told them that no posts were vacant in the diocese at the moment. They would be lent out; they had only to choose for themselves where in the wide world they wished to

go. Father Galvin went to Brooklyn, where he served as an assistant in Holy Rosary parish. There, he became a friend of Auxiliary Bishop Mundelein, who was one day to become a Cardinal.

When his three years were up, and it was time for him to go back to Cork for reassignment, Father Galvin saw that Brooklyn could easily spare him. Yet Cork could spare him even more readily. By then he knew that a great harvest of souls was waiting in pagan lands, and he was eager to help. A missioner from China visited the rectory. He talked long and earnestly; Father Galvin listened as earnestly, and agreed to become a missioner.

So Father Galvin set out for China. He had given his heart to God, but it was a human heart. At the thought that he might never see home again, a lump rose in his throat, even as it would 40 years later when he rode the train out of Hanyang. He landed in Shanghai in April, 1912. He went to work with the French Vincentians, and began to learn Chinese.

Then the 1st World War broke out. The French priests and seminarians were drafted into the French army. The mission situation was acute. He prayed then, and he thought: why not persuade priests and seminarians back in Ireland to help out in China?

He wrote letter after letter, and two priests answered his appeals. They were Fathers Joseph O'Leary

and Patrick O'Reilly, who joined him in 1915.

The idea of a mission society in Ireland gripped Father Galvin, but, as he said, "It was a very big idea for a small man like me."

He left Shanghai early in 1916 and passed through the U.S., where he had many friends, including Father Peter Yorke in San Francisco, and Archbishop Mundelein in Chicago. Both encouraged him, and he went on to Ireland. There he enlisted the aid of his friend Father Blowick, a professor at Maynooth. They found their first recruits in Fathers E. J. McCarthy, John Henaghan (killed by the Japanese in Manila in February, 1945), and James Conway. The Irish hierarchy approved their unique plan in the fall of 1916, and Pope Benedict XV gave the project his blessing. Father Galvin and his associates named the new society in honor of St. Columban, 6th-century Irish missioner to Europe.

They established the first house of their infant Community at Dalgan Park in Galway. In 1918, Father Galvin came to America again and founded the first St. Columban house in this country in Omaha.

Father Galvin was not in the U.S. long before he was called to Rome. The new society now had 16 Irish priests. The Vatican assigned them to Hanyang, in Hupeh province, 600 miles up the Yangtze river in the very heart of China.

On St. Patrick's day, 1920, Fathers Galvin and Blowick left Ireland for China with the 16 recruits. The party stopped off in Chicago and there 15 of the Columban priests stayed on temporarily as guests of Archbishop Mundelein. Father Galvin, with Fathers Blowick and Owen MacPolin, went to China to prepare the way.

The three reached Shanghai in June, 1920. After a few days there, they embarked on a river boat for Hanyang. The exiled bishop, on Sept. 18, 1952, could catch a glimpse of the river from his train window now and then. Well could he remember the first voyage, how he had chafed at the slow progress upstream against the swirling yellow water.

At last Hanyang, at the junction of the Yangtze and the Han rivers, came into view. Hanyang was old when our Lord was born in Bethlehem. Its population of about 300,000 lives in squalid shacks. Main street is only eight feet wide.

The three priests reported to the bishop at near-by Hankow, under whose jurisdiction they would work. Then they crossed over to Hanyang, where they rented two small houses. Father Blowick returned to Ireland, to administer affairs as superior general of the Order. The remaining 15 Columban priests arrived from Chicago in the fall of 1920. Father Galvin had already learned some Chinese; now he engaged a tutor for the new priests and himself.

The little band of Columbans went to work in a territory comprising some 7,000 square miles extending up the Han valley. They found the people friendly, and had the joy of making their first convert two months after their arrival. As the priests gained a working knowledge of the language, they extended their work to isolated villages throughout the densely populated area (4 to 5 million).

Within two years, Father Galvin made a hurried trip to the U.S., where he visited the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross, and asked that nuns be sent to join the work. Six Sisters were sent, out of 100 who volunteered, and their number was augmented later. They opened a school for girls in Hanyang. In 1939, Bishop Galvin founded a native Order of Sisters, the Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The poverty and misery of the people appalled Father Galvin and his associates, but it fired their zeal. Most of the millions of Chinese in the area are farmers, living on three to five acres. The people consume all they raise, and frequently that is not enough, especially when drought or flood strikes. No roads exist, only trails and paths. You travel by pony or on foot, and if you have a bicycle you are accounted well off. The farm houses are hovels.

On his visitations, he almost always traveled alone, usually on foot,

occasionally by pony. He would live on rice and cabbage. When afield he took lodgings in the shacks of his people, who always gave him of their pitiful best.

In 1924, Father Galvin was made a prefect apostolic, thus coming under the direct jurisdiction of Rome, and in 1927, he was named titular Bishop of Myrina and appointed Vicar Apostolic of Hanyang. He was consecrated by Archbishop Celso Constantini, then Apostolic Delegate to China, in a little chapel in a Chinese house in Hanyang.

Bishop Galvin's mission seldom knew peace. Famines, floods, civil strife, wars—all assaulted Hanyang, disrupting mission work, yet sometimes accelerating conversions. By the time of the bishop's expulsion in 1952 the Catholic population had grown to 50,000.

When the Japanese invaded China, Hanyang was the target of numerous air raids, and in 1938 the city was captured. Here is how the bishop described the situation: "We prepare for bed, say a prayer for the innocent and unfortunate ones who have been sent so innocently into eternity.

"One night in June, 1944, Hanyang was bombed heavily, and a large area around the cathedral was reduced to ruins. Every bit of glass in the house where I live was smashed to pieces. The cathedral escaped by a miracle.

"Hankow was not so fortunate as Hanyang; it suffered severely

and is a spectacle of ruins and wreckage. Bishop Massi of Hankow was killed by a fragment of shell which pierced his heart.

"I said his funeral Mass. The cathedral was in ruins, so the coffin was placed in an open square, with the temporary altar out in the open. It was December and bitterly cold. Snow fell on my vestments and covered the coffin with whiteness."

The bishop turned one of his churches into an emergency hospital. It was during her service there that one of the Loretteine Sisters wrote in her diary, "We simply waded in human blood for hours."

After the Americans defeated the Japanese, the Columban founder began reconstruction. The losses suffered during the Japanese occupation had just about been made good when the Reds struck in 1947.

The prelate was administering Confirmation in the extreme north end of his diocese when he got word that the communist army was approaching. He was urged to flee. He and a priest companion set off southward on foot. As they passed through town after town they could hear shooting behind them, although they never saw their pursuers. At nightfall, they came to a town where they were expected; clean beds had been made up for them, and a good meal was ready.

They were just about to eat when a man rushed in. "The Reds are near; they will be here in a couple of hours. You must go."

Their host took them across the fields to a neighbor's house. There they rested for the night, and took to the road again at dawn. They finally reached Hanyang, but the Red army was continually at their heels.

The communists were in complete control of the Hanyang district by 1949. Nearly all the priests and the foreign Sisters were banished, but the bishop and six of his priests remained at their posts. The native Sisters were dispersed.

For three years, Bishop Galvin was under house arrest. He was allowed to offer Mass, but Red spies always sat in the cathedral during services, to see who the Catholics were, and to listen for any incriminating word.

Day after day, the captive was hustled off to police headquarters to be interrogated. Any day, he knew, might be his last. Search parties often turned his house upside down. Life became a nightmare.

Meanwhile, the Reds scoured the city, seeking accusations against the bishop. But not a single charge could be brought against him. The Reds were amazed at Hanyang's esteem for him.

At last, on Sept. 15, 1952, he was haled into the police court for "trial." He was told, "We didn't call you here to defend yourself, but to hear the charges against you." The charges were: opposing and obstructing the establishment of a national church in China;

bringing into being a "reactionary" organization (the Legion of Mary); opposing the orders of the Red government; and destroying the property of the people. The sentence was expulsion. Three days later, policemen took him to the train, accompanied him to Hong Kong, and pushed him onto the bridge that leads to freedom.

After Bishop Galvin arrived in San Francisco in December, 1952, he spent a year calling on members of the American hierarchy, and visiting the seminaries and houses of the Columban Fathers in this country.

I met Bishop Galvin while he was at the St. Columban house in St. Paul, Minnesota, early in October of 1953. He received me simply, but he was erect and grand; I felt myself in the presence of sanctity, and I wanted to go on my knees before him even before he held out his ring to me. I told him that two of my grandparents also came from County Cork; in fact, from Donoughmore, across the River Lee from his own old home, and that I had been there myself in 1950. He was glad to meet someone who had been in Cork since he was last there. I was glad that I could

bring him tidings of Ireland before he got back there himself, and a bit of happiness for the moment.

But the sadness was in his gray-blue eyes as he talked, for he was a man grieving for his people in the land he loved. And his once black hair had turned to gray.

He hoped to be back in Ireland by Christmas. There he would spend some time visiting his three surviving brothers, John, Richard, and James, and his sisters Kate O'Mahoney and Mary Scannell.

And he would rest. For he was, oh, so tired! But he was not broken in spirit. After a while he would make a pilgrimage to Rome, for Marian-year ceremonies. After that —well, he hoped some day to return to China, to continue his work, and to die and be buried there. As to how that would be accomplished, he put his trust in St. Columban.

But Bishop Galvin did not get back to his native Ireland for that Christmas—it was May of 1954 before he arrived at Shannon airport. Nor was it to be God's will for him to realize his hope of some day returning to China. He died at Navan last Feb. 23 of leukemia which had developed while he was under Red persecution.

A pedestrian, crossing at a busy corner, was struck by a tiny sports car. Nevertheless, he came to his office next day, ready for work.

"But my dear fellow," asked the boss, who had heard about the accident, "didn't that car hurt you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the victim. "But I went to a doctor and had it removed."

E. E. Kenyon in the *American Weekly* (10 June '56).

By Jesse C. Burt

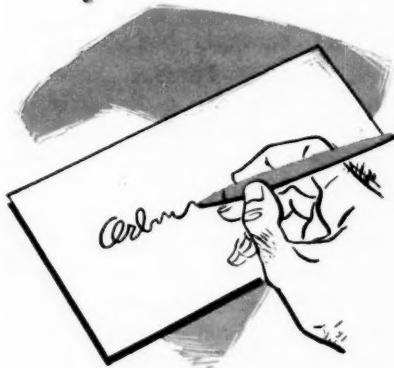
We All Need That '2nd R'

To be literate you must know how to write as well as read

IN THE PRESENT lively discussion about whether Johnny can or can't read, there's some danger that the almost equally important "2nd R" (handwriting) will go down by default. Certainly, learning to read is essential. But to be literate, in any sense of the word, you have to know how to read *and* write. Yet millions of Americans simply cannot write legibly.

Worse, most of us think nothing of it. Poor handwriting is one of the few things we will accuse ourselves of without a trace of embarrassment: "Oh, you couldn't make it out? Sorry, but you know I'm so used to using a typewriter . . ." or, "I never was any good at penmanship." No wonder that information forms everywhere carry the formula, "Please print."

Our unwillingness to learn to write leads to a shocking economic waste. In the field of business alone, errors traceable directly to slovenly handwriting cost an estimated \$70 million every year. And that figure doesn't take into account the needless expense incurred by the Post



Office in trying to decipher illegible addresses. Most of the 22 million "dead" letters that burden the department every year fall into that category because of faulty handwriting. Nearly all large cities have postal employees who specialize in deciphering illegible scrawls, yet not infrequently even such experts find themselves stumped.

One postmaster says, "We hear a lot about the huge overhead of the Post Office department, and about postal deficits. It would be a big help both to letter carriers and to letter clerks if people would just take time to write clearly. Every time an envelope has to be puzzled over, even for a fraction of a second, that costs money. And this cost, of course, is passed on to the taxpayers."

Business is now fully alert to the costly problem of poor handwriting,

and is trying hard to do something about it. A good many firms, in advertising for employes, will specify, "Reply in your own handwriting."

The Illinois Bell Telephone Co. until recently was charging up a loss of \$50,000 annually simply because operators were not writing up long-distance call tickets legibly. So Illinois Bell, working in cooperation with the Chicago Board of Education, set up a special 27-week course in handwriting for all its employes. Within a spectacularly short time, their losses from faulty charging were cut to a fraction of what they had been.

The same corrective program was put into operation by the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.

Here, again, the program was necessitated by the fact that sales tickets were not being billed properly. According to officials, a simple course in penmanship is saving Minneapolis-Honeywell some \$65,000 a year!

Doctors take a lot of kidding about their hen-track writing of prescriptions, yet the drug industry itself sees nothing amusing in the problem of illegible writing among its own employes. So serious is the problem, in fact, that various firms in the industry recently got together on a 152-page handwriting manual for use by their salesmen and traveling representatives.

The "charge-plate," a little device with the customer's name, address,

and other coded information stamped in metal, is coming into use in many department stores throughout the country. If you use one, you may have assumed that it is intended primarily as a means of customer identification. True, that is one of its functions. But the chief reason given by most firms for adopting the system is to get around the many costly mistakes resulting from illegible sales slips.

United Parcel Service delivers packages in 13 of the largest American cities, and daily struggles with the vexations caused by illegible writing. About 1200 packages a day have to be returned to the store because the addresses couldn't be read, not even by UPS experts who could qualify on the toughest Post Office course.

What is to be done about the situation? Most of us, as usual, look to the schools for any long range solution.

Recent surveys indicate that 89% of the elementary schools in this country teach children to print during the first two years, then switch over to cursive (regular longhand) writing in the 3rd grade. About half the schools use commercially prepared systems, such as are found in some 20 current textbooks.

The only standard of penmanship now demanded in most grade schools is legibility. Gone are the days of flowing lines, sweeping flourishes, the "copper plate script." Probably no one wants them back.

Gone, too, is the emphasis on drill. As one superintendent puts it, "You must remember that there has been a revolution in educational thinking. We think it is progressive to let a child have freedom of expression. We don't think that a lot of drill helps his personality."

That sounds fine. Indeed, there is little fun in learning to form the complex habits you need for penmanship, to learn how to use the 500 muscles needed to form a single letter of the alphabet. Many Americans refuse to mourn the passing of the old-fashioned drill.

But many other Americans take a dim view of the hen tracks that pass for writing these days. One reason that we are just now becoming aroused to the need for reform is that the people who went to school during the early 30's (when drill was largely abandoned) are now doing a lot of the writing. The way they write reflects a sad lack of the discipline that comes from drill.

The *Florida School Bulletin* comments dryly, "Little boys would learn to write sooner and better if blackboards had the appeal of fresh cement."

Blackboards don't have that kind of appeal, especially in this era of foggy thinking about "freedom of expression." Neither do checkbook

stubs, tax records, bills of sale, letters, application forms—or any of the thousand and one things we are all called upon to write out in our lifetimes.

Last year a new organization, the Handwriting Foundation (Washington 6, D.C.), was formed to awaken public interest in the subject. The foundation is nonprofit; it endorses no particular system of writing. It is backed by thousands of businessmen, including the makers of fountain pens, pencils, greeting cards, and stationery. It publishes an excellent pamphlet, *The Second R*, which you can get from the foundation.

By working with schools, newspapers, magazines, clubs, and businessmen, the organization hopes to get penmanship back into the schools.

At an international conference in Geneva in 1948, delegates from all over the world resolved that "good handwriting is not just one of the accessories of a discriminating mind, but is indispensable in relationships between men and nations."

Until a day comes when men will be born with typewriter keys instead of fingers, a renewed emphasis on the ancient art of handwriting offers the best hope for the future of accurate communication.



Four and twenty are the most desirable ages: at four you know all the questions; at twenty, you know all the answers. *Our Sunday Visitor* (13 Dec. '53).

By Parker W. Kimball
Condensed from the "Victorian"^{*}

Serra's Missions Live Again

*Harry Downie of California
brings back the beauty of
long ruined churches*

TWO TOURISTS had spent an hour enjoying the beauties and romantic history of old Mission San Carlos de Borromeo, at Carmel, Calif. They paused at the great wooden cross, and read the sign. "What I'd like to know," wondered one aloud, "is how they know positively that this is the exact site of Father Serra's first cross."

"Me too," said the other.

The tourists glanced around. The only other person in view was a gardener carefully digging around some geraniums. "He wouldn't know," the tourists shrugged, and off they trudged.

Our tourists must be forgiven, and sympathy extended, if they didn't recognize Harry Downie, Knight of St. Gregory, Commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic, member of the Academy of American-Franciscan History, and foremost living authority on California mission history and restoration work.

Harry doesn't wear his papal and



other decorations except shyly on the most solemn Church occasions. Therefore, visitors barely glance at the stocky, ruddy-faced man with omnipresent cigar, whose flapping vest, tieless shirt, and soiled pants proclaim him gardener, mason, ditch digger.

And incidentally, it was while gardening that he stumbled by pure luck on the lost site of the original Serra cross.

Had Harry, whose education ended in the 8th grade, not spent the last 30 years teaching himself to be combination archaeologist, expert on mission architecture, and historian of early mission life, he might have found the site, yet dismissed its importance completely.

*Lackawanna 18, N. Y. July-August, 1956. © 1956, and reprinted with permission.

He was digging a hole for a pepper tree to flank a stage he was building in the mission courtyard for a Church pageant. As he dug, he encountered granite. The average person might have decided to dig somewhere else. But years of excavating told Harry, "Ah! Maybe a lost building foundation."

But, on second thought, why in the middle of the courtyard? No record of a building there. But why the stones? He dug a little more. They formed a circular pattern.

Right then a thrill flashed through him. "If the rock circle has a hole in its center—." He dug quickly but carefully—it did. Careful excavation of the center hole brought up rotted pieces of wood.

It was the remains of the first cross planted in the original mission yard by Father Junípero Serra, beloved founder of the California missions. The date was Aug. 24, 1771.

Innumerable times in the last 30 years Harry's knowledge of obscure mission lore has authenticated some questioned fragment of history.

Sometimes the fragment is big and important. Did an entire building previously exist right here? Or is the wall outline now revealed just an addition made when the mission was used as a family dwelling or haybarn? Harry's answer, the historical authority, must be correct.

During the prodigious task of authentically restoring three beautiful old mission ruins, he has faced

seemingly insoluble historical puzzles before restoring a single brick.

To begin with, only one architect's sketch of a mission building is known to exist: that of the Monterey presidio chapel. "The padres," Harry explains in their defense, "were more concerned with building for the future than leaving behind footnotes for posterity."

Harry goes about solving the riddle of the missions like a paleontologist piecing together a whole dinosaur from a few scattered bones mixed with those of later animals. His "bones" are old Church records and correspondence, the annual building reports of the friars, early narratives and illustrations by travelers and artists, and photographs taken before the mission walls disintegrated.

Building records, beginning with Father Serra's own, are his most accurate source. For many, he has searched as far away as the Mexican-government archives.

Seeking more clues, he hunts down old-timers around the missions who as children knew the buildings in less demolished state, or whose parents and grandparents handed down mission tales. Of course, this information is only as accurate as the subject's memory, which Harry can check, and the ancestor's memory, which is harder to judge.

Here Harry uses the "district attorney" technique. He asks general questions to put the subject off

guard. Then he starts asking key questions whose answers he knows. If the informant passes his secret examination, Harry gets down to business.

"People don't intentionally lie," he explains, "but it's difficult to remember accurately. I urge them not to guess—just to say they don't recall."

This works fine except in one case. "From an Indian, I always get an answer; they hate to say No," explains Harry. "I have to be careful not to give any inkling as to which answer I want."

Yet, clever manipulating produces valuable information from the descendants of original mission Indians, some of whom, like old Gabriel of Carmel mission, lived to a recorded 130 years.

During restoration of Mission San Antonio de Padua, near King City, Harry was stumped by a missing staircase to the choir loft. Should it ascend from the right or left against the building's outside left wall?

He talked to dozens of people, and got almost an even split of opinion. Finally, one elderly Indian told him, "Yes, I remember the stairs well from when I was a boy. One day I was playing in the church with my friend. Father Ambris came in. I ran out the front door, around the corner, up the stairs, and hid in the loft. I remember running straight up the stairs. Therefore, the stairs ascended from the right. Otherwise

I would have had to run farther and double back." Harry confidently built the staircase ascending right.

By 1903, some of the most beautiful links forged by Father Serra had fallen into decay, and had almost vanished. Adobe, of which most of the missions were built, didn't stand the test of time like the solid stone of proud Mission Carmel, administrative headquarters and "home" to Father Serra. Missions Soledad and San Antonio were little more than mounds of earth and debris. Even the mother mission, beautiful Carmel, stood like a broken matriarch of her family, crumbling, roofless, desolate.

Harry Downie was born in 1903 in San Francisco to 3rd-generation Scotch-Irish Catholic parents. From his baptismal day, Downie and his Church seemed to have plans for each other.

His boyhood's favorite moments were spent around Mission San Francisco de Asis (Mission Dolores). When it opened to tourists in 1914, Monsignor Sullivan allowed Harry to ring the bells in exchange for minor janitorial services. It inspired Harry to clean up the old cemetery as his personal project. In spare time, in his uncle's bronze foundry, he made models of missions as a hobby. Priesthood was his goal.

"However, Monsignor Sullivan was a man of great insight," Harry chuckles. "He knew me better than I knew myself." Harry was destined to serve the Lord in a different way.

Repairs then under way on Mission Dolores necessitated an extra cabinetmaker. Harry was launched into his real calling.

For ten years he worked as master cabinetmaker, restoring altars in the Dolores mission, traveling throughout California, learning his trade from old German and Italian cabinetmakers. After the 1936 fire at Santa Clara de Asís, Harry restored the statuettes and main altar.

En route to Santa Barbara in 1931 to open a cabinet shop, he stopped in Monterey to see Msgr. Philip Sher, pastor of the Carmel parish. He found the latter trying to raise local interest in the old, forlorn Carmel mission.

"Would you help me make it look more presentable?" he asked. "Stay and work there a few weeks on your way?"

Armed with an old architectural history of the mission compiled from hearsay, legend, and little fact, he surveyed the shambles. "It looked hopeless in the beginning," Harry admits. "I'd no idea it would ever be completed in my lifetime."

Deciding first to restore the old padres' quarters, he made beginning excavations, started rebuilding. At first he did everything by hand, making his adobe brick of mud and straw, like the Indians. Rafters and woodwork for the Old Chapel, a 165 foot-long void, he hand-adzed in the original fashion. Quickly he became stonemason, blacksmith, architect, electrician, and plumber.

Restoration limped until 1933. Then Mission Carmel was made a parochial church. Msgr. Michael D. O'Connell, the first pastor, urged Harry to complete plans for the great quadrangle: kitchens, childrens' quarters, weaving rooms, school, administrative offices, rectory, and carpenter and blacksmith shops.

Heavy construction, often with a single helper, took months. Then intricate hand carving and decorating were necessary to restore the chapel to its original grandeur. Harry Downie's three weeks stretched into 20 years.

People began hearing of his work. Contributions arrived, including a \$500,000 restoration gift by William Randolph Hearst, to be equally distributed among the four mission dioceses.

Now Harry was commissioned to restore Missions San Luis Obispo, San Antonio, San Juan Bautista, and Soledad. Meanwhile, he acted as consultant on Missions Santa Cruz, Santa Ines, San Juan Capistrano, San Fernando de España, and La Purissima Concepción. Missions San Antonio and Soledad, totally destroyed, were Harry's two toughest assignments.

How does he go about a restoration? After studying available historical descriptions to determine number and size of buildings, he excavates to the original foundations and traces their course. As he takes measurements, he must con-

vert from Spanish *varas* (1 *vara* = 2 ft. 9 in.).

Sometimes he must decide which of several walls are originals or represent later building. Fortunately, mission walls were built thick. Thus, when roofs caved in, rain washed adobe from top bricks, forming mounds protecting lower brick courses. Harry builds on these original rock-fill foundations. Next comes plastering, decorating, and replacing hand-mortised door and window casements; finally, the meticulous handfinishing of woodwork and furnishings in period style.

Though individual buildings differ, mission architecture follows an underlying pattern. Harry has learned, faced with a void of information, to "think like a mission padre." He must project himself and the problem back 150 years.

His uncanny surmises are sometimes verified by data received later. Relying on his unique method, he rebuilt the Carmel mission's east quadrangle by deductive reasoning, against all available information. From Spain, too late, came its earliest known sketch. There stood Harry's building!

Restoration means also returning as many original furnishings as possible. Harry scours the countryside to turn up original church trappings in private homes, antique shops, and other churches. These he retrieves by purchase, swapping, "insistence," or methods darkly secret. The treasures go into ecclesiastic

use again or into a museum he has founded.

One pair of gilt candlesticks was discarded by a mission as junk. Harry took them home, removed the paint, and confirmed his suspicions that they were pure bronze of early Spanish origin.

On a visit to Stanford university, he discovered a peculiar object on the museum floor. It proved to be a gift to Mrs. Stanford from Father Casanova. Further research disclosed it to be the original *matraca* (wooden rattle) used during Holy Week at Mission Carmel.

Currently, Harry is constructing a huge retable (altar back) for Carmel's chapel. Its design, with intricate fluting, molding, and niches for ten statues, is copied from Mission Dolores.

Harry is gathering material for an architectural history of the Mission Carmel, to be a chronological key to the entire mission-building program. As administrative "home" to Father Serra, it has the most complete records. Located at the only early port of entry to the area, it was much painted and described by travelers. These on-the-spot progress reports add to the bulging files of Harry's own excavation notes.

Frequently, exciting new data turn up. A priest sent many copies of original mission documents from the Mexico City archives. They showed seven temporary churches on the old Carmel mission grounds, including one Harry never suspect-

ed. They proved Harry's restorations accurately placed to the inch from a central measuring point: Father Serra's first cross, its location minutely described.

Harry's scholarly labors have brought a number of unusual honors. The highest came with his appointment as official collaborator on the cause of Father Serra. An ecclesiastical body is collecting facts to determine whether or not the famed mission priest will be proclaimed a saint. Harry's findings will be studied by the Congregation of Rites.

When Father Serra's remains were exhumed from the Carmel sanctuary in 1943 for official identification, Harry was one of two laymen witnesses and the only person besides a medical man to handle the

remains. Around Padre Serra's neck he discovered a long-missing reliquary containing relics of Blessed Raymond Lull, Mallorcan martyr, another link of identification.

Harry Downie may be overlooked by the thousands of people yearly visiting Carmel and Harry's other restorations. But many would wish to thank this man-of-all-work for what he has given them. For had it not been for Harry Downie, the lovely California mission chain might still be missing some of its most treasured jewels.

Instead, today, bells ring in Missions Carmel, Soledad, and San Antonio where a few years ago existed rubble heaps and rain-melted adobe. The California mission chain is again a living, growing thing.



TO GROW STRAIGHT

The splendor of furrowed fields is this: that like all grave things they are made straight, and therefore they bend. In everything that bows gracefully there must be an effort at stiffness. Bows are beautiful when they bend only because they try to remain rigid, and sword blades can curl like silver ribbons only because they are certain to spring straight again. But the same is true of every tough curve of the tree trunk, of every strong-backed bend of the bough.

Rigidity yielding a little, like justice swayed by mercy, is the whole beauty of the earth.

The foil may curve in the lunge, but there is nothing beautiful about beginning battle with a crooked foil. So the strict aim, the strong doctrine, may give a little in the actual fight with facts; but that is no reason for beginning with a weak doctrine or a twisted aim. Do not be an opportunist; fate can be trusted to do all the opportunistic part of it. Do not try to bend, any more than the trees try to bend. Try to grow straight, and life will bend you.

G. K. Chesterton in "Alarms and Discursions" (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

By Phyllis McGinley
*Condensed from "Good Housekeeping"**



The Fearful Aspect of Too-Early Dating

*Let the youngsters
have their childhood*

WHO WILL DENY that the most enchanting sight in the world is a 12 or 13-year-old swirling off to a ball, enveloped in a pastel cloud, a touch of lipstick on her curving mouth, her thin little arms bare, a corsage pinned tightly to her flat little bosom? Well, I, for one, deny it. I admit it's pretty, and I think it's perfectly absurd.

Why do I put up with it? I have grudgingly permitted it, I have even shopped for the wardrobe, because this sort of premature social life is the pattern in our village, and, I am beginning to believe, on our continent.

The clothes are the symbol. Something unwholesome has crept into the American cult of adolescence. On the surface, everything looks well. Never before has the youngest generation seemed so healthy, handsome, and intelligent.

Pink-cheeked and shiny-haired, bursting with vitamins and social-consciousness, they march toward the future like a race of under-age Utopians.

But confusion is apparent, and it springs from a real cause. For not only have our children been exposed to every wind that blows from the bleak heights of Educational Theory; not only does the Gospel according to Saint Psychology change from season to season and from apostle to apostle; children are also expected to stay children longer, and at the same time to become adults sooner, than ever before in history.

I leave to philosophers and anthropologists the task of explaining the larger riddle of why, in an era when people expect to live longer and longer, when the age of financial responsibility comes later and later, our young keep marrying earlier and earlier. It probably has something to do with the atom bomb or sunspots, and has no proper part in these pages. What does

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. April, 1956. © 1956 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

concern me is how we keep lowering the age of courtship.

Admitted, it's perfectly normal at a certain period, say in the 5th or 6th grade, for boys and girls to discover there are two genders. They discover it with amazement and bewildered joy, like Balboa encountering the Pacific or a baby observing his first snowfall. In my time this was the interlude of having one's books fetched home from school and of being teased during recess.

Not so this generation. Abetted, indeed, pushed and prodded and egged on by their mothers or the PTA or scoutmasters, 6th-grade children are now making dates on the telephone every week-end evening. I think it's called "integration." But to me and to a few other parents there is something grotesque about the whole business. These are children parodying the behavior of grownups. What's more, these children follow the pattern not willingly in most cases, but out of obedient conformity—and often unwillingly.

They are taking on a burden before they are capable of bearing it. Just how unsettling it can be was brought home to me some seasons ago when one of my daughters was turning 11. Somehow, the local Boy Scouts had become infected with the social virus. Someone had decided that a dance instead of a powwow would be a good thing. So each Scout (most likely under penalty of being stripped of his medals

in full view of the troop) had been directed to bring a girl.

Now this particular daughter is full of curly charms: curly hair, curling eyelashes, a tongue curly with tact. So three Scouts, each equally clean, courteous, friendly, loyal, reverent, and squeaky-voiced, demanded the privilege of escorting her. A handful of years later she would have savored the moment. It reduced her, then, to tears. The dilemma, not only of what to wear, what to say, but of how to refuse two of them politely, overcame her.

"You're too young to have to deal with these things seriously," I said.

She collapsed, sobbing, on the daybed. "I know. I know," she cried. "I just want to have my childhood!"

She wanted, as I believe most

BEER-BARREL PROM

A decision to arrange for "controlled" drinking supervised by fathers of the children at the Horace Greeley High school prom last June brought many strong protests in the New York City suburb of Chappaqua. The school board promptly voted not to have anything to do with such a party, and ordered teachers to stay away from it. Said Mrs. Sherwood C. Chatfield, school-board chairman, "I wouldn't like it if my son or daughter were a senior."

United Press (20 May '56).

young adolescents want, another year or two of the free, uncompetitive give-and-take of life.

Except for the precocious few, children do value childhood. Left to himself, the average boy would, after that first fine, careless rapture of the 5th grade, far prefer to spend his afternoons with a baseball mitt and his evenings poring over plans for a model airplane than listening to rock-n-roll records at a mixed party. And the average girl, left to herself, would choose feminine chit-chat to flirtation. But they are not left to themselves. They are coaxed and bullied and enticed into "milling." There are school dances and church dances and Scout dances. There are coke parties and local "assemblies" and what passes for dances at private homes. By the time they enter junior high school they are devastatingly conscious of social achievement. At high-school age, they have become either blasé veterans or shamefaced failures.

The quiet boys have become quieter, turned, maybe, into sulky little misogynists, while the Lotharios swagger worse than ever. Early-ripened Juliets preen like peacocks and hold court, while their shier sisters wear defeat as if it were a dunce's cap. They are allowed no time to mold themselves gradually or to grow shells for self-protection. The fact that at 18 the undersized boy will probably be a long-limbed giant, or that at 17 the tongue-tied girl once obscured by freckles and

braces on her teeth will be turning the heads of college men, does not compensate for early scars.

Whatever happened, anyhow, to the notion that being "boy-struck" (or, more occasionally, "girl-struck") was a deplorable, even if not unnatural, phase of adolescence? There always used to be one buxom girl, ringleted and knowing, whom parents viewed with alarm.

Now, it's the miss who isn't boy-struck over whom mothers wring their hands. "I don't know what I'm to do about Lucy," a friend of mine clucked to me recently. "She simply won't invite anybody to the Youth Center barn dance. And she won't even listen to me when I try to plan a party for her and invite some boys."

Lucy at 12 is currently small and speechless. She'll be a charmer one day if she is permitted to continue her romance with tropical fish for a while longer. She hasn't at present the faintest interest in anything male unless it lives in an aquarium.

If she could, of course, meet Gilbert, another fish fancier, she might well give him her soul's devotion. But Gilbert is also being chivied by his mother. She wishes like anything that he'd go willingly to the weekly soirees her friends' daughters are contriving. He needs, she asserts, more "wholesome contacts." And nothing can persuade her that Gilbert's point of view is a good deal more wholesome than hers.

For there is even an uglier aspect

to this picture than the surface one. The fumbling acts of courtship have a new name in every generation. Our grandmothers spoke of "spooning." My generation discussed "necking." Today I believe it's referred to as "making out," and seems to be as commonplace a feature of grade-school and junior-high-school parties as the shoeless dancers and the coke bottles.

Actually, I find this less shocking than ridiculous. I cannot think that even the most advanced subteen couples kissing in a darkened library are doing more than aping something they have seen on television or in a comic book. But the darkened rooms are part of the picture. So is a lack of chaperonage. By the time a girl has turned 13, she is, if she has the makings of a belle, already adept at turning aside the clumsy pawings of little boys. (Or perhaps she has learned how to encourage them.)

In my own household, when I found out what an invitation to a mixed party entailed, I solved the problem partially by a few phone calls. No chaperon, no acceptance. But the miasma of amorous gossip hangs over adolescence like smog.

It is difficult to know exactly whom to blame for the grotesque situation. The parents? The community? The climate of the times? But ours is the most respectable of communities, and these are devoted parents. Moreover, the age is not really profligate. Probably we are

all the culprits. (Only the children we cannot blame, for we have formed their attitudes.)

Books, radio, television, magazines, and movies have had their impact. But chiefly, I think, the situation results from our overemphasis on the very rights of childhood, which we are so oddly abusing.

This age must be the happy time, we are warned. It must be the time for "integration into the group." We make no allowances for time lags and individual preferences.

Or perhaps there is a meaner reason. Perhaps the mothers' competitive instincts are doing the driving. Too many parents, maybe, are holding fast to youth by vicariously reliving it through their children. Popularity and belledom are the golden goals; and the young are being trained for it like athletes for the Olympics.

The answer to the problem? I have no easy one except to let the schools or the parents meddle less and chaperon more. Or if early marriage is the prize, let those embryo candidates be thrust less upon each other. Let social age and not textbook age determine the time for bringing the genders together.

It might be well to fetch back the duenna and let the mixed party be a special and guarded treat. I warrant we shall all be more comfortable, parents and children alike. For plan as we wish, set the sexes dancing together as often and as early as we can, they will mingle without

self-consciousness only after adolescence has passed or before it has yet begun.

Perhaps only at the earlier time. For uninhibited valor in the chase one must look to the 2nd-grade set. Another daughter of mine once astonished us at dinner (when she was seven) with the announcement that Billy Brown had kissed her after class.

"He did?" we asked in a raised-eyebrows sort of voice.

"Yes, he did," said the unblushing maiden. "Three girls helped me catch him."

With the huntress in woman so well demonstrated, I think we need not fear that many of our girls will

turn out spinsters. All girls, with a little assistance from orthodontists, dermatologists, and dietitians, are now beautiful. And all brothers are valiant. It seems to me that we might do better to teach them how also to be intelligent and modest and kind than to train them solely for the social arena.

A girl will make a fitter wife, perhaps, if the tulle-and-silver-slippers phase comes a bit later in her life than the 6th grade. And a boy may value manhood more if he does not get his first dinner jacket at 13. Who knows? It could be that a majority of them, like my daughter, might just want to have their childhood.



• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish church one afternoon, I saw a little boy hurrying down the side aisle. As I followed him to the altar I noticed that he was clutching something in his fist. It turned out to be a coin, which he dropped into the box. He picked out a votive candle, lighted it, and knelt down.

I knelt down, too, about a yard away. He soon noticed me, but at first he kept his eyes fixed on the altar. A few minutes later he leaned over, and in a resentful whisper said, "You move over. Pray on your own candle."

Edward F. Jost.

*
In our parish a dignified dowager watched with growing discomfort as a television comedian bounced his way through a slapstick routine of questionable taste. Everyone in the room, it was obvious, was embarrassed, but it was the dowager who finally snapped off the set.

"I'm afraid," she announced with feeling, "that channel badly needs dredging."

Charles V. Mathis.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Maurice S. Sheehy
Condensed from "U.S. News &
World Report"*

Communism Still Wars on Religion

And the atheist Khrushchev still believes it's an opiate

THE VATICAN has warned, "Do not be taken in by communism and its 'coexistence.' There will be no baptism of communism."

From Marx (who in 1843 declared, "Religion is the opium of people; our duty is to deliver the people from this opiate") to Khrushchev, there has been no change. Khrushchev recently declared, "We remain atheists. We will do all we can to liberate a certain portion of the people from the charm of the religious opium that still exists. We are doing everything we can to eliminate the bewitching power of religion."

When I visited Europe in January, I asked many persons to tell me about the communists' war on God. Mentioning their names would expose some of them to immediate imprisonment and possibly to death. Here are some of the facts they reported.

Poland. At the end of the 2nd World War, MVD Gen. Ivan Serov

was commissioned to carry out plans already drawn up to eliminate Catholicism. He feared a revolt within Poland if a direct frontal attack was made in 1945. Serov, therefore, sought to make the Catholic Church an instrument of communist policy, like the Orthodox Church in Russia today.

But the imprisonment of Polish church leaders and a campaign of terror for priests and faithful moved too slowly. In 1949, the communists confiscated Polish Church property, nationalized hospitals and schools, and even abolished Caritas, the famed charity organization of the Polish bishops.

In 1950, Polish bishops were

Monsignor Sheehy is head of the Department of Religious Education of the Catholic University of America. He was the first priest selected by the U.S. navy for the rank of rear admiral, and is president of the Military Chaplains association.

*24th and N St., N.W., Washington 7, D.C.
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forced to accept a Church-state pact to continue a minimum of spiritual ministration. In return for a promise not to support anti-communist activities, the bishops were pledged a certain amount of freedom of religion and education. Like most communist promises, the pledge was broken. When the Polish bishops refused to sign the infamous Stockholm peace appeal, Serov let loose a ruthless persecution, imprisoning priests and Sisters, and closing schools. When I was in Rome in 1951, a Vatican official told me he found Pope Pius XII weeping after a conference with two Polish prelates.

Serov next sought to organize a "progressive" Catholic movement to infiltrate the Catholic Church with Soviet puppets. Of more than 10,000 priests, only 60 could be coerced, and most of them had been broken in health in prison. In furious resentment, the communists then imprisoned the beloved Polish primate, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski. This was a terrible blunder in strategy. The reaction of the Catholic faithful was to unite behind the cardinal. Parishioners stood guard over their priests to protect them.

The most stupid blunder, worse even than imprisonment of the Polish primate, was to ridicule the devotion of the Polish people to the Mother of Christ. Our Lady of Czestochowa has always been saluted as Queen of Poland. In 1955, 10,000 pilgrims participated in wor-

ship at the famous shrine. In Rome, I heard that soldiers sent to intercept the pilgrims turned back before an apparition which some identified with the Virgin Mary.

The Catholic Church in Poland is still an indigestible morsel in the gullet of communism. Why? Large-
ly, in my opinion, because the com-
munist, directing their blows to-
ward the head, ignored the heart
of Poland.

Hungary. Communists are doing everything possible to prevent par-
ents from sending their children to
religion classes. In Hungary, the
"Peace Priests' committee" was set
up to divide Catholics. Yet the com-
munist paper *Zala* attacked "the so-
called peace priests." *Zala* declared,
"Priests remain propagators of re-
ligion, regardless of their political
creed."

What about the life of a Catho-
lic in Hungary today? From the
Catholic News Service in Vienna
comes this description. "If someone
enters the house of the parish priest,
the local Communist party knows
it the next day, and a few days
later, the competent office in Budap-
est enters the case in its files. Peo-
ple also know that going to church
means reprisals.

"Fathers are subjected to interro-
gation by party officials on why and
how long they intend to have their
children attend religious classes.
The result is that, in the towns,
only about 30%—at best, 50%—of
all children attend religion classes."

Only five seminaries are functioning in Hungary, but some students are being educated elsewhere to a service that may expose them to death. Many of the Hungarian priests are working underground; others have "disappeared."

The Balkans. The communist persecution of religion in the Balkans has achieved desired results for two reasons. 1. The communists did not seek to appease religious feelings, but set upon a program of destroying the Church immediately; 2. Catholics were a minority, ranking behind both Moslems and members of the eastern Orthodox Church.

The communists in Rumania also had a scapegoat, the Apostolic Regent, a courageous and vigorous American prelate, Archbishop Gerald O'Hara, now Apostolic Delegate to England. In the satellite countries, hatred of the Catholic Church and of the U. S. seems to be synonymous.

Schools were nationalized in 1948, and students were instructed to salute the teacher with the greeting, "There is no God!" to which the teacher would reply, "And there never has been!"

In 1948, all bishops and 700 Uniate priests, subjects of the Pope, were arrested. Decree No. 358 formally liquidated the physical body of the Oriental rite. It was against this abuse of communist power that Archbishop O'Hara stood adamant until his expulsion

in 1950. At least 700 priests were executed in Rumania.

Bulgaria was a pushover for communist strategy. The 60,000 Catholics, divided between Latin and Oriental rites, once had considerable influence, largely because of excellent schools. In 1949, a bishop and 47 priests were arrested. Catholic churches in Bulgaria have all been closed.

In Albania, no Catholic bishop remains. Of the 120 priests in that country in 1945, only 20 may be found today.

Czechoslovakia. In 1929, when Catholics were in the majority in Czechoslovakia and practicing the tolerance imposed upon them by their religion, a young communist deputy, Klement Gottwald, shouted at them, "You ask what we communists want! We want to break your necks!"

Gottwald is now dead, but his spirit lives on. "Concentration monasteries" reek with the odor of Dachau. Many Religious are in slave-labor camps.

Today, nearly 70% of the Catholic parishes in Czechoslovakia are without resident pastors. The heroic Archbishop Beran has disappeared.

A pseudo "Catholic Action" program was announced, but only 20 priests joined it. Seminaries were compelled to include Marxism among their courses. Teaching orders of Religious were simply and brutally eliminated. All Church property was nationalized. The re-

ligious press was throttled. A few apostate priests and Catholic laymen tried to set up a "subservient" Catholic Church.

When priests could not be subverted, the communists announced that women were being ordained to the priesthood. But when Red "priests" took over parishes, the congregations remained at home.

In 1955, the ruling party committee known as BRNO was forced to admit, "We are deeply sorry that we have failed to smash the religious sentiments of the masses. We underestimated the strength of religion. In spite of severe restrictions placed upon the Church, in spite of fierce antireligious propaganda waged by the party and the state, relatively few people have been induced to leave their religion. We were forced to change our tactics because the party was steadily los-

ing influence, while religion was at the same time constantly gaining strength among the people. *We made too many martyrs.*"

Since the Geneva conference and its great psychological victory in portraying Russian leaders as wanting peace, the communists seem inclined in a few countries to relax the tensions of persecution. But this is only temporary. China, North Korea, and Indo-China are still in the throes of martyrdom.

Surprising though it may be to some, the Church in the satellite countries, and in the Ukraine particularly, discourages abortive revolutions which might end, as did the Katyn massacre, in wholesale slaughter. Placing confidence in Him who said, "Have courage. I have overcome the world," she is confident of ultimate victory for those who place their trust in God.



IN OUR HOUSE

My husband and I had carefully prepared our four-year-old daughter, Vicki, for the arrival of a new brother or sister. So when James William was brought home from the hospital, Vicki was delighted.

All was going well until the paternal grandparents came to visit. After a brief word to Vicki, they both rushed to the crib to coo at the new baby brother. Later, I found Vicki sulking in her room. When I asked what was the matter she said with much disgust, "I don't mind sharing you and daddy, but it does look like he could have at least brought his own grandmother!"

Mrs. W. V. Hearne, Jr.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By John E. Gibson

How You Shop Tells What You Are

Cough drops and cigars may be important clues

CIENCE HAS DISCOVERED a new way to find out about the real you. Batteries of psychologists and sociologists have been putting the shopping habits of America's millions under the clinical microscope. By means of depth interviews, Rorschach "ink blot" tests, and scores of other personality-probing techniques, they've discovered that your shopping behavior reveals hidden secrets of your personality—things that even you may be unaware of.

The scientists have come up with some fascinating findings. Let's take a look at some of them.

Do your shopping habits reveal your general philosophy and attitude toward life?

Scientific studies show that they definitely do. The James M. Vicary Co., New York research organization, has made a nation-wide study of shopping habits and has related these habits to personality characteristics. Their researchers found that most men and women fall into one of three different types.



1. The innovators. These people are among the first to buy new products and embrace new styles and trends. They are the most receptive to the merchandise which embodies new ideas. Personality tests showed that these persons were among the most liberal thinkers. They were creative, imaginative, and generous.

2. The formalists. These people are seldom among the first to buy anything. They wait to see what others are buying when they go shopping, are more likely to have a keep-up-with-the-Joneses complex than the other two types. They are found to be stereotyped in their thinking, price and prestige-conscious, and concerned about conforming to custom. They also tend to be penny wise and pound foolish. On the other

hand, they are much less susceptible to fads and gimmicks than the innovators, less likely to be taken in by half-baked ideas.

3. The traditionalists. The people in this group are among the last to try anything new. Their shopping habits reflect a tendency to cling to the past, and to commodities which have been tried and tested over the years.

Unlike the persons in the other two groups, the traditionalist is not excited and stimulated by modern ways. He is disturbed by them. Resistant to change, he tends to view innovations of any sort with a jaundiced eye, and is ultraconservative in his thinking.

What about the chronic "bargain hunter"?

We all know people who can't resist the lure of a bargain, whether it's something they have any actual use for or not. A New York psychiatrist, Dr. Edmund Bergler, has made an exhaustive study of people of this type. Every bargain hunter observed during his investigation was found to be definitely neurotic. He speaks, of course, not of persons who seek to buy *needed* items at the lowest price, but of "the person who is irresistibly attracted to merchandise which he does not need, but which can be bought cheaply."

His case histories show, incidentally, that this type of shopping behavior causes many a marital quarrel.

Dr. Bergler finds that the chronic bargain hunters have a constant need to outsmart others. They soon lose interest in the article purchased, and take pleasure only in the feeling that they have outsmarted the seller.

If you buy cough drops frequently, what does that indicate about your personality?

Psychoanalytical surveys conducted by leading research organizations show that most steady cough-drop users don't buy them to relieve coughs at all. They have an inner conflict about self-indulgence, and feel guilty about buying candy to satisfy a "sweet tooth," so they buy cough drops instead. They rationalize this action by telling themselves that cough drops are not really sweets at all, but are actually a kind of medicine.

The steady cough-drop user is likely to kid himself in other areas, too. He feels guilty about doing this or that, but does it "because the kids get such a kick out of it," or "the wife enjoys it." In short, he suffers from deep-seated guilt feelings, and plays a game of hide-and-seek with an overactive conscience.

When you see a man buying cigars, what does that tell you about his personality?

It reveals a lot about his attitude toward women in general. It shows his

desire to assert his masculinity. Cigar smoking represents one of the few male prerogatives not yet usurped by women. It is a symbol of male independence.

Most men view with misgivings the advance made by women on many masculine fronts. And the cigar smoker, it would appear, resents it more than most.

If your grocery shopping list reflects a dislike for many commonly liked foods, what does this indicate?

It is a strong indication that you or other members of your family possess neurotic tendencies. Studies at the University of California show that the more foods a person has a distaste for, the greater the likelihood of neurosis.

Incidentally, studies just completed at another leading university show that neurotics frequently "dislike" many popular foods which they have never even tasted. The reason: a neurotic's state of chronic fear and anxiety very often extends even to what he eats. And he may never have tasted asparagus or veal, for example, because he is afraid he won't like them.

What about people who are constantly buying pain relievers?

They fall into two categories. As Rutgers' psychology professor George H. Smith reports in his new textbook, *Motivation Research and*

Marketing, "Research has shown that the market for pain relievers is composed mainly of two basically different types of people: 1. suggestible, anxiety-prone folks who exaggerate pains; 2. aggressive self-reliant types who like to think they are impervious to common ills, and hate to admit something is wrong by going to a doctor."

So if your medicine cabinet is bulging with an imposing assortment of patent pain relievers, the odds are better than even that you'll fit one of these two categories.

Does the type of car a person buys provide a clue to his character and personality?

Yes. Extensive studies by a group of social scientists from the University of Chicago reveal that a person's character is almost always reflected in the car he selects. Take, for example, the person of dignity, reserve, and maturity, who is serious about his work and family outlook. He is most likely to choose a four-door sedan, dark colored (mostly black, dark blue, or green), with minimum accessories, few gadgets.

The middle-of-the-roader who wants to avoid being either too conservative or too extreme will probably choose a two-door coupe (if the size of his family permits it), of light color, with "ordinary" accessories and gadgets.

The person who is inclined toward ostentation and showiness,

and who wants to impress others with his modernity and "individuality" is likely to select a two-tone hardtop, featuring bright shades and hues. His car will be equipped with a wide range of extras. Impulsive individuals, and those whose taste in general tends to run to the extreme, are likely to favor a very bright colored convertible (red, yel-

low, white), replete with the very latest accessories and adornments.

The findings of this study not only confirm some of the things that you may have already suspected, but they make it significantly evident that there are few fields where your buying habits do not reveal a great deal about the kind of person you are.

KID STUFF

John, a little neighbor of ours, was watching as I leafed through a number of photographs of a sculptured group depicting The Last Supper.

"Who is that?" he demanded, indicating the dominant figure of Jesus.

"That's our Lord," I explained.

John gave me a quick, rather belligerent look. "He's ours, too!" the little fellow pointed out.
Florence Christian.

Little David was saying his prayers one night. After the usual "God Bless Mummy and Daddy," he came up with: "And please make Tommy stop throwing things at me. By the way, I've mentioned this before!"

(Troy N.Y.) *Times Record*.

Seven-year-old Robert had been cautioned that when neighbors came to the house it was his duty to pay them some attention. Some time later an old school friend of mine, a Mrs. Daniel, dropped in to visit.

Robert solemnly shook hands with her, and, in his best drawing room manner, remarked, "How do you do, Mrs. Daniel. I've just been reading about your husband in the den of lions." *Wall St. Journal* (13 April '56).

After Billy changed his piggy-bank coins into a crisp five dollar bill, he displayed the bill at the dinner table. His father promptly borrowed it. Dad paid it back in a couple of days, but then Billy's big brother wanted to use it. When he returned the five, Sis asked Billy to lend it to her. He did, and when he got it back again Mom borrowed it. A month later she exclaimed, "Oh, Billy! I still haven't returned your five dollar bill."

"Keep it, Mom," he said in a rather disgusted tone. "As long as you have it, no one else can borrow it." Clarence Roeser.



The Sisters' orchestra assembles in the beautiful auditorium of Alverno college.

Sisters' Symphony

It is unusual to see an orchestra composed of nuns, and this one attracts much attention.

The musicians are drawn from the students and faculty of Alverno College of Music in Milwaukee. The orchestra has a membership of between 30 and 40, led by director and conductor Sister Clarissima, O.S.F. Her style and interpretation can be compared with the talents of the most famous conductors in the country.

Classical music of the great masters like Beethoven, Mozart, Bach

and Handel is the only type of music which the orchestra plays. It is superbly interpreted.

Besides being a recreation for the Sisters, concerts are given for the pupils and teachers. Sometimes, on special occasions, the orchestra is persuaded to give concerts in other halls, and the public is admitted to them.

There is always a large, enthusiastic audience to hear the Sisters play at these public concerts. Those privileged to hear the Sisters' concerts are profuse in their praise.

All eyes are on conductor Sister Clarissima as she raises her baton.





Position is very important in an orchestra. Here Sister Clarissima sees that every member is correctly seated before the concert commences.



One of the violinists has last-minute practice before the rest of the orchestra assembles on the stage.

A friendly discussion on the music score. Sisters enjoy playing for people.





Always the Sisters set the stage themselves for concerts. Like every fine professional orchestra, they like things just right. (Above) Harp being brought in.

It's a tricky passage for the violinists, but they dash over it with skill.

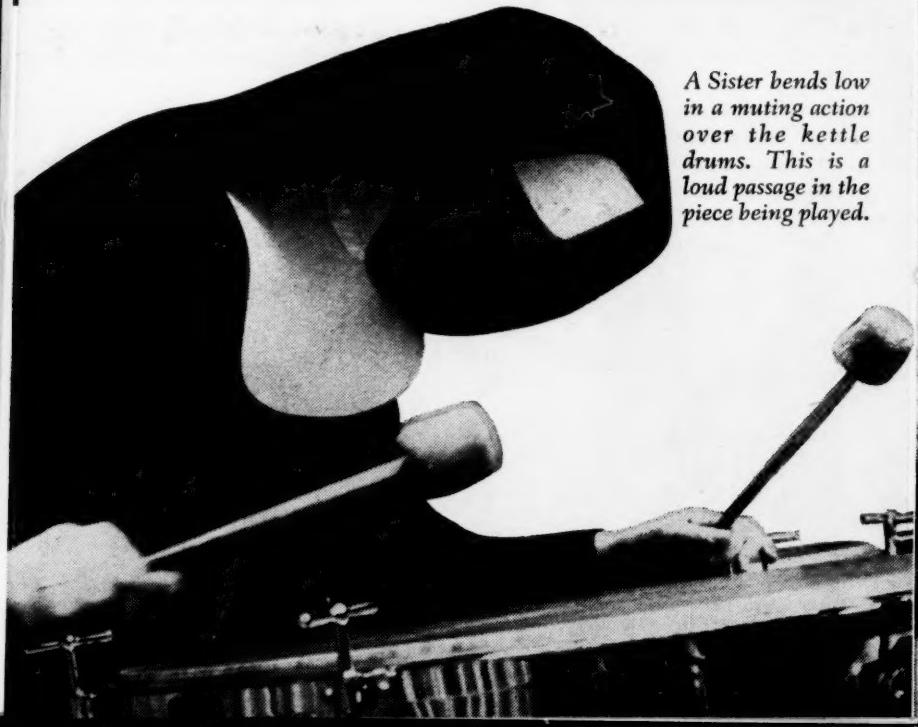




Playing a lovely passage from a famous concerto, this Sister closes her eyes.



This member of the orchestra is a postulant of her Religious Order. Her habit differs from that of the other Sisters.



A Sister bends low in a muting action over the kettle drums. This is a loud passage in the piece being played.



Three Lions photos.

The concert is drawing to a close. It has been tiring but satisfying.

Backing up the rhythm is the plucking of the double bass. The program was distinguished and the audience is delighted.



By Frank L. Remington

Election Day, U.S.A.

*The first Tuesday of November
always has its quota of quirks*

LAST presidential-election day, poll workers in a small mid-western town faced an unprecedented emergency. Just before the voting place closed someone stole the ballot box!

Thrown into pandemonium by this bold bit of burglary, officials finally located a disgruntled local resident in the act of destroying the box and its contents. Because his failure to register disqualified him to vote, the irate citizen had sneaked off with the ballots of his fellow townsfolk. "Maybe this will teach 'em to let me vote," he stormed.

Each election produces bizarre, often humorous, episodes; doubtless the upcoming November election will run true to form. It's a favorable commentary on our democratic country that campaign enmities are held in check on election day. Of course, minor altercations do occur—like the one in which a hotheaded Republican committeeman popped an overzealous Democratic poll watcher on the nose.

For the most part, though, sincere workers of both major political parties concentrate on "getting out the vote," partisan preferences not-

withstanding. Civic authorities frequently offer free taxi service to transport the stranded and infirm to the polls. Some places press ambulances, even hearses, into service for the convenience of voters. In many towns, volunteer baby sitters take over for voting mothers.

Usually, no one qualified to vote can plead lack of opportunity. "It could only happen in America," a woman wired Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson after the last presidential election. She referred to the fact that she lives on an isolated ranch, and that Democratic poll workers provided transportation for her to vote the straight Republican ticket.

Inducements and reminders sometimes foster a large vote. In a recent election a chain of California service stations advertised, "We give away gas for your vote." An attendant pumped a free gallon of gasoline into the tank of each motorist who presented a numbered ballot stub from his polling place.

In 1952, Orange City, Iowa, sounded its fire siren off and on throughout the day to remind citizens that it was election day. Just

recently, Henderson, Ky., officials decided to prod lethargic voters by passing out a chance on a new automobile to each resident who visited the polls.

When the polls close, the mammoth task of counting the votes begins. In 1952, Millsfield, N.H., reported the nation's first election returns. The town's seven qualified voters gathered at the town clerk's home on election eve. Promptly at midnight, they marked their ballots. Collecting them quickly, the town clerk counted the votes, recorded one absentee ballot, and at 12:02 on election-day morning reported the results.

The real excitement begins about 7 p.m., Eastern standard time, when radio and television networks start their reports of vote tabulations. Usually, there's no trend apparent for hours, although political soothsayers attempt to interpret the first scattered returns.

In the 1948 race between Thomas Dewey and Harry Truman, for example, Truman gained an early advantage and added to his plurality as the hours passed. Yet, radio and television political analysts continued to insist that the man from Missouri couldn't win. Returns from Dewey's main bastions, they stubbornly maintained, hadn't reported. As late as five o'clock the following morning, when little doubt remained of the outcome, Dewey expressed his confidence in ultimate victory.

Dewey, like almost everyone else,

except Truman, firmly believed he couldn't lose. The public-opinion polls pointed definitely to a Republican landslide. Even ardent Democrats grossly underrated their candidate's strength. Before the vote was counted, some newspapers printed "Dewey Wins" in screaming headlines. But Truman won in one of the most stunning upsets in election history.

No one can actually forecast election results with any degree of certainty—not even the public-pulse takers. After their 1948 fiasco, pollsters Roper, Crossley, and Gallup started hedging on their crystalballing. In the 1952 presidential election, they issued only the most circumspect forecasts.

Of course, certain individuals, like James A. Farley, seem to have clairvoyant talents (or more than their share of luck) in predicting results. Not content with merely spotting the winner, Farley sometimes has correctly pinpointed the vote by states. In 1936, for instance, he predicted presidential candidate Alfred M. Landon would carry only two states, Maine and Vermont. And that's exactly how it was.

On election night, political experts frequently watch returns from Arizona and New Mexico closely. Since 1912, each has given a majority of its votes to the man who was elected President. Unfortunately for gamblers, there's no guarantee that Arizona and New Mexico will continue as barometers of victory.

Betting on how Americans will vote is about as hazardous as picking a winning race horse. In 1948, an overconfident Harvard professor promised to eat his shirt if his candidate didn't win. He lost. Thereupon, the learned teacher dissolved his shirt in acid, neutralized the acid, filtered out the shirt, spread it on bread, and gobbled down his improvised "shirtburger." Last election, a Lowell, Mass., man also bet on the wrong candidate. In consequence, he allowed himself to be bombarded with custard pies.

The candidates themselves register varied emotions on election night. In 1928, Democratic candidate Alfred E. Smith listened to disheartening returns at New York City's Tammany Hall. When his defeat became apparent, the Happy Warrior joined his wife and other loyal supporters. Breaking their gloom with his familiar smile, he said, "We did our best. We fought cleanly and, I believe, fought well. And now I don't want anyone to feel bad another moment."

Not all unsuccessful candidates have been as gracious as Al Smith. Thoroughly beaten in the presi-

dential election of 1844 by James K. Polk, Henry Clay issued a bitter statement: "The late blow that has fallen upon our country is very heavy. I hope that she may recover from it, but I confess that the prospect ahead is dark and discouraging."

Smothered by Franklin Pierce in 1852, General Winfield Scott was overcome by grief at the news of his defeat. He believed that the "voice of the people" represented a stain on his reputation. In 1884, candidate James G. Blaine took his defeat by Grover Cleveland in stride. "I am not fated to be President," he stated simply.

But few campaigners for the White House have taken defeat as calmly as Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, who ran against James A. Garfield in the election of 1880. General Hancock retired to his bedroom at seven o'clock on election night. When he awoke in the morning, he asked his wife for the news. "You came out on the short end," she informed him.

"That's all right," he yawned. So saying, he pulled the covers tightly about him and dozed off again.

NOT GUILTY, BUT DON'T DO IT AGAIN!

"You are charged both with being drunk and with smoking in bed," announced the judge, eyeing the prisoner sternly. "Don't you realize that you might have caused a serious fire? Can you give me any reason why I should go easy on you?"

"The whole thing is a tragic misunderstanding, your honor," returned the prisoner with dignity. "In the first place, I was not drunk. And in the second place, the bed was afire when I got in."

J.C.

By Doron K. Antrim
Condensed from "Etude"*

They Make Music Wherever They Go!

Chamber music was once a 'lost art'; thanks to a list of names, it's making a startling recovery

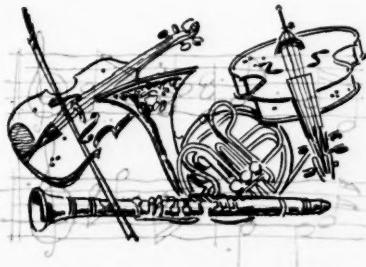
WHILE SHE WAS riding about Boston in a taxi, a college student was whistling a theme from a Haydn string quartet. Suddenly the taxi driver joined in. "Am I hearing things?" the girl wondered. Starting another theme from the same quartet, she stopped suddenly. The driver continued note for note.

"I play viola," he said, noting her look of incredulity. "What's your instrument?"

"Violin," she answered. "By any chance, does the Amateur Chamber Music Players ring any bell with you? I belong."

"Sure does," he chuckled. "I belong, too." The rest of the ride was spent in talking shop and arranging for a chamber-music meet that evening.

The ACMP was started by the late Leonard A. Strauss, who helped organize the first Indianapolis Symphony orchestra. His idea of perfect bliss was to sit in with a string



quartet. His home was a rendezvous of music lovers, but his job required him to travel a lot. He always took his fiddle along on his trips, just in case, but opportunities to play were few.

Then, one night in a hotel room, an idea came to him. There must be hundreds of people like himself who would be delighted to play with others if they knew where to find them. He promptly wrote 15 letters to friends of his who would rather make music than listen to it. These 15 wrote to others. The list mushroomed, ACMP was founded, and a directory was printed. It gets bulkier every issue.

Today the Amateur Chamber Music Players are scattered all over the U.S., Canada, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska. They come from

*Bryn Mawr, Pa. March, 1956. © 1956 by the Theodore Presser Co., and reprinted by permission of "Etude," the Music Magazine.

almost every strata of society. Doctors are especially well represented. So are teachers, businessmen, lawyers, scientists, housewives, and taxi drivers.

Members invariably take the ACMP directory along with them when they go traveling. Dr. Hans Cohn, of Woodstock, N.Y., plans his vacations around it. One year he drove through New England by day, played chamber music by night. The next year, a three-week trip took him through Pittsburgh, Oberlin, Louisville, Memphis, and New Orleans.

"It was wonderful, the hospitality extended to us everywhere," he said.

"In New Orleans, I got a bit of a surprise. One member of the group I played with looked vaguely familiar. It bothered us both for a while. Then suddenly we remembered. During the 2nd World War, we had met in New Guinea under far different circumstances. Now we were playing Mozart in New Orleans—well, it's a strange world!"

In a few short years, ACMP has picked up a national following. The only requirement for membership is a love of chamber music. There are no dues. To join, you merely send your name to the Amateur Chamber Music Players, 15 W. 67th St., New York City 23.

You designate your instrument, of course. The line-up includes piano, violin, viola, cello, double bass, flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, bassoon, French horn, trumpet,

trombone, and recorder. To help players find their own level, you grade yourself: A, excellent; B, good; C, fair; D, etc. The "etc." was the happy thought of Helen Rice, secretary.

You also indicate your willingness to be on call. This is hardly necessary, however, since the genuine chamber-music player will drop anything important to sound an A.

Members are finding that chamber music is an excellent introduction when they travel abroad. Arriving in London, one woman promptly consulted a doctor on "my need of medicine to keep my arthritis within bounds so I can continue to play in string quartets."

"Well, well," exclaimed the doctor. "I play cello. When can we make up an evening for a quartet?" During her short stay in England, she played 18 times with different groups.

Nor is language any barrier to the enthusiast. Two health-research scientists, Drs. Walter Schlesinger and Ernest Bueding, went to Rome last fall for an international scientific congress. "When we gathered at the home of one of the players," wrote Dr. Bueding, "we found that we had to converse in four languages, as there was no language understood by all of us. However, as soon as we started playing a Beethoven quartet, we understood each other perfectly, and I felt completely at home."

In the short span of its history, the

The word *amateur* has come by the thousand oddities of language to convey the idea of tepidity; whereas the word itself has the meaning of passion. A man must love a thing very much if he not only practices it without any hope of fame or money, but even practices it without any hope of doing it well. Such a man must love the toils of the work more than any other man can love the rewards of it.

G. K. Chesterton.

ACMP has made notable gains. It has revived interest in chamber music in the U.S. With few exceptions, schools pay scant attention to small ensembles. Instead, they concentrate on bands and orchestras. The result is that when well-trained school musicians graduate, they drop their music unless they can find a band or orchestra to join. In small groups, it's easier to get together and just as satisfying. And chamber-music literature is abundant and contains some of the choice works of great composers.

Moreover, ACMP has encouraged living composers to write music. At least, it gets played. Lists of contemporary music are frequently sent to members through the organization's newsletters.

But members are particularly grat-

ified because they are giving Europeans a higher regard for American culture. Mrs. H. R. Ripple spent several years in Germany, when her husband was sent over with the American occupation army. "I joined the local orchestra in Straubing," she wrote. "I learned afterward that people had been very doubtful about me, not believing that my musical background could be anything like theirs. One man said, 'It is amazing to find that you know the same music we do. Surely it is very unusual for an American to care for chamber music.' At which point I got out my ACMP directory and showed the number of members listed. They were all greatly impressed, thought it a marvelous idea, considered starting a chapter. They welcomed me to the orchestra with a little speech, and just before we left Straubing, an article appeared in the newspaper about the American violist."

After making such a promising start with little fanfare and publicity, ACMP gives promise of growing to sizable proportions. And what with 29 million people in the U.S. now playing or learning to play musical instruments, it would seem that the musical amateur is coming into his own in this country and raring to go.

❖

Most men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for it. C. C. Colton quoted in *Ave Maria*.

By Howard E. Brown
Condensed from
*"This Is the Way to Study"**

It's Your Language

You make it—why not use it?

IT'S YOUR LANGUAGE. It's made, day by day, by you and others like you. When you look up a word in the dictionary you're probably seeking authority for it. But the dictionary is really just a collection of the words you and your friends and your ancestors have invented for expressing thoughts. The use of words is probably the most democratic process in all human relationships.

Think for a moment about what you can do with words. The English language has more than 500,000 of them. Some are strong, some are cheerful, some are brutal and ugly. Some are very recent, fashioned to describe some new advance in the field of science or some new fad which will not last out the year. Others have come down to us, in one form or another, from the days of Caesar and Socrates. Some have come to us from France, Germany, Arabia, China, India; many were born on American soil.

The English language is remarkably rich and detailed. Out of its raw materials come every form of



expression, from pungent slang to the solemn language of the Bible. These words are yours, to use as you need and with what skill you can. Use them well, and they may bring you unbounded good fortune. Use them clumsily, and they can ruin your chances of success.

Words are the instruments through which the wisdom and culture of ages past are handed down from one generation to another. They are lightning messengers, carrying the thought of one person to another, and making life a truly human experience. They are the signs and symbols with which the human mind plays in the mysterious process of thinking. Words are powerful, dangerous things. Learn

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to use them carefully and wisely, for upon the way you handle them, more perhaps than upon any other thing you do, will depend what happens to you in the world of people in which you live.

No one in the world is on speaking terms with all the members of the great army of words. Probably only a few thousand are in your service at the present time. You can recognize many words when you see them in print, but very likely you can use only a part of them in expressing your own thoughts. So, if you are to have a large, usable vocabulary at your command, you must plan to do two things: to increase the number of words you can use, and to train them to do the work you require of them.

The ability to recognize and use a large number of words is probably the best single indication of high intelligence. More important, building up a large, workable vocabulary helps develop your intelligence. Most modern psychologists agree that thinking is largely a process of talking to oneself. A person in deep thought may appear perfectly relaxed. But if we could examine his vocal cords and his lips and tongue we would find them tense, and undergoing microscopic movements. One group of college students actually became hoarse from several hours of hard thinking just before examinations.

A good vocabulary will increase your chances of success whether

you're in a profession or in commerce. It is hard to think of a single vocation in which the use of language does not play a large part. Of course, we have all heard of old So-and-So who couldn't read and write but who "certainly could figure," who became the richest man in the county. In times past, such things often happened, and under unusual circumstances they sometimes happen now.

But competition gets keener every year. And year by year the going gets tougher for the person who can't speak, read, think. All studies show that skilled workers generally know more words than unskilled workers. Foremen know more than the men who work under them. Superintendents know more than the foremen, and executives more than superintendents. Top-flight executives, in fact, have even better vocabularies on the average than college professors.

The value of a good vocabulary has been shown by many experiments. In one case, a vocabulary test was given to 100 young men who aspired to become business executives. Five years later, the ten men ranking highest in the vocabulary test were all occupying executive positions. But not one of the 25 men ranking lowest in the test had reached the executive level. Other studies show that the income of salaried workers, as a rule, closely corresponds with the number of words they can use.

Knowledge of words pays off just as handsomely in social life as in business. It can give you self-confidence, put you at ease with other

people, make you more interesting to talk to, and increase your popularity. Isn't all that worth a little effort?

NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Research shows that Latin or Greek roots enter into the make-up of more than half of the 20,000 English words most commonly used today. And our language teems with many more thousands of words built from these roots.

So a good method of improving your vocabulary is to become familiar with some important word roots. Since the root, or stem, of a word contains the core of meaning, then it is likely, if you know the root of a word, that you will know the word itself at first sight.

One valuable root is the Greek word *pathēin*, which means to feel, or to suffer, or to have a disease. Of the many words built from this root (*path*), twelve are listed below in Column A. Recognize them? See if you can match them with their meanings found in Column B.

Column A

1. apathy
2. pathology
3. pathetic
4. exopathic
5. osteopathy
6. empathy
7. antipathy
8. pathogenesis
9. pathos
10. telepathy
11. psychopathic
12. hydropathy

Column B

- a) A feeling of dislike; repugnance
- b) Projection of one's own feeling into another.
- c) System of treating ailments by placing pressure on bones; "feeling" displaced bones.
- d) Characterized by serious personality defects; having a "diseased" mind.
- e) Quality or power, as in art, speech, music, of evoking a feeling of pity.
- f) Treatment of disease by the external or internal use of water.
- g) Extra-sensory transference of thought; a "feeling" that gives the thoughts of another through some means other than sensory.
- h) Designating a disease having its cause or source outside the body.
- i) Branch of medicine that deals with the nature of disease.
- j) Arousing feelings of pity, sorrow; pitiful.
- k) Production or development of disease.
- l) Lack of feeling, interest; indifference.

(Answers on page 118)

By J. William McKune

The Braden Case in Louisville

Who caused the trouble?

CARL BRADEN sat at his scarred desk in a Franciscan minor seminary in southern Indiana and listened to the old formulas.

"*Amo, amas, amat...*"

"Opposite angles are equal in..."

"The union by which in Christ two natures are joined in one person is known as the 'hypostatic' union."

But after a while he lost interest. He began baiting his teachers by asking irrelevant questions. Outside the classroom, he worked off his energy in adolescent pranks.

"He was not bad," said one of the priests at the seminary, "but mischievous. Mischievous to the point where it was maddening."

Finally, at the urging of his superiors, he left the seminary and returned to his home in Louisville, Ky., to begin there a career that was to bring him eventually into the national limelight as the central figure in a strange, dramatic trial.

The trouble began when Braden had reached his 40th year. To all appearances, Carl was just an ordinary citizen, by occupation a copyreader with the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a mild, pleasant-

looking man with graying hair and dark-rimmed glasses. He had no distinguishing characteristics, no fanatic gleam in his eye.

He was known to have expressed some rather "advanced" ideas to fellow workers and neighbors, but then some people are simply "different" and have to be taken as they are. Braden was different as a man, just as he had been different as a seminarian. In a sense, he was a difficult person; but not a menace, scarcely even a nuisance.

He no longer lived the life of a Catholic. By now he had married his second wife—his first was still living—and was attending services in an Episcopalian church. Whether he retained any of the Catholic faith that had once attracted him to the priesthood, no one knew.

He was a great reader, and liked to discuss ideas. His modest home in the west end of Louisville housed an extensive library, the contents of which were soon to be submitted as evidence in a courtroom.

The case began when Braden one day bought a house in a white neighborhood, a suburb off the Dixie Highway just south of Louisville, and then sold it to a Negro, Andrew Wade IV. In any Southern city this action would have caused some trouble, and Louisville, though it is in advance of most

other cities of the South in its racial relations, reacted, as could be expected, with some dismay.

No one thought the affair was serious. But no one was surprised, either, when the papers reported that a cross was seen burning near the Wade home, and that Wade had received threats. Even the fact that shots were fired at the house did not cause undue alarm. Although a "defense committee" was formed to protect Wade, and publicity was steadily mounting, most Louisville residents regarded the situation with indifference. But on June 27, 1954, the calm was shattered.

The Wades had been away from home that day. During their absence, the home had been guarded by friends inside the house, and by a county policeman in a patrol car not more than 100 yards away. Mr. and Mrs. Wade returned home shortly after midnight, and were standing on the porch when a bomb went off. The blast tore up a bedroom on the opposite side of the house, scattered stones from the outside wall over the ground, ripped a hole underneath the floor. But Wade, his wife, and a friend who was with them were unhurt.

Naturally, everyone assumed that the bomb had been set off by racial bigots. Refusing to yield to pressure, Wade stayed in the house, and when he grew impatient with the way the police were handling the case, was finally arrested on a

breach-of-peace charge. Matters lagged through the summer; no bigots were rounded up.

Somewhere along the line, the commonwealth's attorney, A. Scott Hamilton, began to get suspicious of certain aspects of the bombing, and word got out that there was more to the case than met the eye. In September, a grand jury began an investigation. Out of a clear sky, Carl Braden and his wife were called in for questioning.

The questions, surprisingly, were not all concerned with the Wade incident. They somehow got around to Braden's political beliefs, his associations, his relationship with certain allegedly subversive organizations. As quoted in the newspaper the next day, Braden's protests were loud and clear: "Witch hunt. Attempt to smear us."

His wife, Anne, had refused to answer certain questions, because, she said, "I consider it beyond the power of this grand jury or the commonwealth's attorney to inquire into the private opinion of any citizen, what he reads, or what organizations he belongs to."

The *Courier-Journal* editorialized, "We must manifest the deepest disapproval of the line of questioning followed by the commonwealth's attorney. . . . In our opinion, the refusal of Mr. and Mrs. Braden to answer those questions is quite correct. Mr. Hamilton has produced not the slightest evidence to uphold his theory of a communist plot."

The lines were being drawn for the battle, but the question of racial prejudice was not the issue. The commonwealth's attorney had committed himself to a dangerous and apparently rash course. He would prosecute the case on the ground of sedition.

Hamilton would attempt to show what no one in Louisville dreamed was possible—simply because there had never been any talk of it before—that a communist plot had actually been hatched and put into operation, and that the men involved were guilty of transgressing a law which heretofore had never been tested in the courts, Kentucky's sedition law.

When several newspaper reporters and a television announcer were called before the grand jury, where in a closed session they got a peek at some of the evidence that had hitherto not been disclosed, the ardor of the *Courier-Journal* began to cool. Perceptibly, the emphasis in the editorial columns began to shift. And Louisville citizens began to wonder just what the commonwealth's attorney had up his sleeve and what the grand jury had actually found out.

They hadn't long to wait. Braden, his wife, and four other persons were indicted on the charge that they had distributed "printed matter advocating, suggesting, or teaching criminal syndicalism or sedition" and that they were members of a society or assembly of persons

"teaching, advocating or suggesting the doctrine of criminal syndicalism or sedition . . . or change of the government of the United States or commonwealth of Kentucky . . . by force or violence."

One of the six, Vernon Brown, was accused of setting off the bomb in the Wade home. Otherwise, the case had now assumed proportions far beyond the question of the bombing.

The trial of Carl Braden began Nov. 30, 1954. The prosecution made no attempt to be devious. Commonwealth's Attorney Hamilton had one course to follow: to show that the Communist party was subversive and then to show that Braden was connected with the party. The case would proceed like a syllogism, with a major premise, a minor premise, and a conclusion.

To demonstrate the major premise, that is, to show that the Communist party is subversive, Hamilton brought a parade of witnesses from all over the country into the Louisville courtroom. Some of them had figured prominently in communist trials elsewhere, others were unknown.

Martha Edmison, who had worked for the FBI as a member of the party in Ohio; Arthur Strunk, former secretary of the Communist party section in Dayton, and also a member of the FBI; James Glatis, FBI party member from Boston; Manning Johnson, of New York, who

had held a number of party offices; Maurice Malkin, who had helped form the party in the U. S.; Leonard Patterson; Matt Cvetic; Benjamin Gitlow—all testified that the objectives of the Communist party were to undermine and overthrow the government by force and violence. Some of the witnesses were handled roughly by Braden's lawyers on cross-examination. The impression they created was mixed.

But there was little doubt that Hamilton had proved his major premise. The difficulty, however, was just beginning. How could Braden be convicted of approving the aims of the party? What connection did Braden have with the Communist party? Was he actually a member?

In the meanwhile, in a move that was protested vociferously by Braden's lawyer's and friends, the commonwealth's attorney had raided Braden's library and brought the books into court. Among them were many Red works including Marx's *Capital*; *How to Be a Good Communist*, by Liu Shao Chi; *The Negro People and the Struggle for Peace and Freedom*, by Benjamin Davis; and *Exhibit of Bacteriological War Crimes Committed by the United States*. With these were encyclical of the Popes and at least one Catholic textbook.

One dramatic day in court, Braden showed off his library. As he held up for the jury book after book, to show that he was not in-

terested merely in communism but that he read widely on a vast range of subjects, the case of the commonwealth's attorney grew perceptibly weaker. Braden denied that he had ever owned a copy of *The Constitution and Fundamental Law of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics*, which is printed in Moscow and limited to trusted party members, and which had been exhibited by Hamilton as the property of Braden. He denied that he had ever seen a "dues" letter (Communist-party dues were meant) that, according to Hamilton, was found in Braden's home.

With the prosecution's case growing visibly pale, Braden's defense attorney seized the occasion to present the question which was, of course, bound to be asked eventually, the answer to which was the key to the whole trial. It came at the conclusion of a line of questioning, and was put in a calm and casual way, as if it had little importance.

The question: "Mr. Braden, are you a member of the Communist party?"

The answer: "No, sir."

No refuge behind the 5th Amendment here. No attempt to seek sanctuary behind the time-honored rules of American jurisprudence. A clear and straight answer: "No."

He had studied communism, Yes; that he would admit. He was interested in social reform, yes. But he was not a communist, not now, or ever. So he testified under oath.

Just as the judge was about to send the case to the jury, Hamilton asked leave to interrogate one final witness, a "rebuttal witness," whom he would produce for questioning. The judge agreed, and a tall, 44-year old brunette, Mrs. Alberta Ahearn, was conducted to the stand.

Her name had come up before. She was one of the people who belonged to the "group," one of those "interested" parties. She had once been arrested in Laurel, Miss., with Mrs. Braden during a demonstration over Willie McGee, a condemned rapist who was a Negro. Hamilton himself said he had been suspicious of her for some time because of the way her name kept "cropping up."

So there she was on the stand. She sat back in the witness chair, a rather plain woman in a black dress with long black hair. She was not altogether relaxed, yet did not seem worried either.

Braden sat not far away, watching intently, expressionless.

Assistant Commonwealth's Attorney Carl Ousley asked Alberta Ahearn a few simple questions, and received simple answers.

"I will ask you whether or not you have been an undercover agent for the FBI?"

"I was."

"I will ask you whether or not you are a member of the Communist party?"

"That's right."

"I will ask you if you know of

your own knowledge whether Mr. Braden is a member of the Communist party?"

"Mr. Braden is a member of the Communist party."

The words fell softly in the dense quiet of the courtroom. Braden made no move, exhibited no emotion.

Alberta Ahearn under further questioning by Ousley described the communist-cell meetings she attended in the Braden home where, she said, in 1951 she had been received into the party. She recalled contributions she gave to the communist cause under suggestion by Braden, said she had paid her party dues directly to him.

She said Braden had asked her to leave town so that she would not be called to testify. She said he had urged her that, if she was called and "asked the \$64 question," she should answer, "No."

After that, there was no chance for Braden. The jury, after three hours' deliberation, returned with the verdict, "Guilty." Braden's punishment was fixed at a \$5,000 fine and 15 years in the penitentiary.

For the first time he registered emotion. As he was led out of the courtroom on his way to jail, he raised a handkerchief to his eyes.

The Braden case, like the other communist trials in the country, roused ardent controversy. When Braden took his cause to the Kentucky Court of Appeals, the Ameri-

can Civil Liberties union appointed an extra lawyer to defend him. To get him out of prison, the Emergency Civil Liberties committee of New York contributed \$25,000, which provided the major portion of the \$40,000 bond Braden had to post.

Out on bail, Braden was welcomed as a speaker by many groups in the country. A labor paper ran a story on him with the satirical heading, "Kentucky Rewards Its Good Samaritan." At least two Catholic magazines* of nation-wide circulation picked up a news item from a labor paper decrying the miscarriage of justice in Louisville.*

The smoke of the controversy drifted across the ocean, where the usually clearheaded Manchester *Guardian* sniffed it with displeasure, smelling only the aroma of racial prejudice in America's Southland.

The theme song of Braden's supporters generally was that the case was merely another instance of racial prejudice rearing its ugly head.

But some of Braden's supporters actually tried to reduce the case to an infringement of freedom of religion. William Howard Melish, the controversial Episcopal minister in Brooklyn, preached a sermon on Braden which was later published as a pamphlet called *When Christians Become Subversive*. In it, Melish referred to Braden as a

"militant Christian" who had rediscovered a "relevant Christianity."

An article in the *Churchman* referred to Braden as a "quiet-mannered man with deep social conscience."

Finally, an organization of non-Catholic clergymen and laymen calling itself the Religious Freedom committee, Inc., submitted a brief to Kentucky's Court of Appeals as an *Amicus Curiae* (Friend of the Court) which read: "We, as a group especially interested in the defense of religious freedom, are unable to escape the conclusion that in the trial of this case . . . the religious freedom guaranteed by the 1st and 14th Amendments to the Constitution of the United States and by the Constitution of Kentucky has been infringed."

To this brief, Commonwealth's Attorney A. Scott Hamilton replied with a 44-page "response," 27 pages of which were simply excerpts from communist documents showing the incompatibility of communism and religion. He prefaced his collection of quotes with a remark of William Z. Foster, national chairman of the Communist party in the U.S.: "There is no God of any kind anywhere in the communist cosmos."

On April 2, 1956, the Supreme Court of the United States declared invalid the laws of the states against sedition. Since it was Kentucky's sedition law that had formed the basis of Braden's conviction,

*One was THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Feb., 1956, page 98.

it now appeared that the legal machinery which manufactured the first trial and was presumably operating also in the Court of Appeals would grind to a stop.

And so, Carl Braden went free. And yet not free. At best, it could be only an unsatisfactory, partial freedom, for it left unresolved, in the eyes of both critics and sympathizers, the question of where his inner loyalties lay. For Braden had

never ceased to proclaim his devotion to the cause of social reform. It is a devotion which, when he speaks of it, has the ring of inner conviction. Unfortunately, it is phrased often in terms that sound very little like *Quadragesimo Anno* and very much like the communist line.

To Louisville Catholics it appeared that Braden had come a long way from the seminary.



SHORTCUT HOME

The actual distance of home run drives by such sluggers as Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays, Wally Post and Yogi Berra has taken on a tremendous importance among baseball fans. Press agents even get out the tape measure after each long belt by these stars. But one of the most sensational hits of all time never made the national headlines. It was clouted by Andy Oyler, of Minneapolis' American Association club.

The Minneapolis team was up against their chief rival, St. Paul. Rain had fallen all day, and the diamond was gooey. Oyler, a shortstop, sloshed through the puddles to the batter's box. The St. Paul pitcher threw. The pitch came straight at Oyler; he ducked and the ball hit his bat, spun away—then vanished!

The St. Paul infielders looked all over for the ball but couldn't find a trace of it. The catcher scanned the ground behind home plate. No ball. Meanwhile, Oyler was slipping and sliding around the bases.

"He must have that ball in his pocket!" someone yelled. Oyler just shook his head and kept running.

"Whatcha trying to pull?" the St. Paul catcher shouted as Oyler crossed the plate. "Where's that ball?"

"I ain't got it," panted Oyler. "It must be right here in front of the plate."

And that's where it was. The St. Paul catcher finally found the ball buried in the mud—only two feet from home plate. A home run.

H. A. Morris.

By Leon Paul
Condensed from "Columbia"*

The Jews Who Become Catholics

Some have died for their new faith

WHAT HAPPENS to Jews after they come into the Church? What do they do? Where do they go? What do they accomplish? Do they ever regret having become Catholics? The best way of answering these questions is to take a look into the lives of some Jewish converts.

One of the best-known and respected Jewish converts is David Goldstein, of Boston. Once an ardent Socialist, young David was influenced by a fellow Socialist who became a Catholic. Not long after this happened, David himself came into the Church. He has spent most of his time as a "Campaigner for Christ," preaching in the streets of Boston, lecturing under the sponsorship of the Knights of Columbus, and writing books.

For many years, Goldstein has written a weekly column for the *Pilot*, Boston's diocesan paper, in which he covers just about every aspect of Judaeo-Catholic relationship. On April 3, 1955, a few weeks before he was to celebrate the 50th anniversary of his Baptism, Goldstein

received from Archbishop Cushing the papal documents designating him a Knight of St. Gregory. Goldstein's energy and zeal show no signs of slackening, though he is now over 80.

Arthur Klyber served a hitch in the navy when he was 17. He was once invited to the home of one of his shipmates, and there he was impressed by the deep Catholic faith of the family. He went to Mass with them, and later, as a result of correspondence with the mother of his shipmate, decided to see the Catholic chaplain. Shortly thereafter, he became a Catholic himself; a few years later, after attending a mission given by a Redemptorist priest, Arthur decided to join the Redemptorists.

As Father Klyber, he is today a successful and busy missioner, a prolific author of articles and pamphlets, and a lecturer. His latest pamphlet is *Queen of the Jews*. On June 29, 1957, Father Klyber will celebrate the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn., June, 1956. © 1956 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

Janet Kalven was a young Jewish intellectual attending the University of Chicago. There she was influenced by the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, investigated Catholic teachings and doctrine, and in April, 1937, came into the Church. For several years, Janet was assistant to Robert Hutchins and Mortimer Adler in their Great Books program. She has since joined the Grail movement, and is now the busy director of the Grail center in Brooklyn. She has also written an excellent pamphlet, *The Task of Woman in the Modern World*, published by the National Catholic Rural Life conference. She does occasional lecturing on the lay apostolate.

In his native Austria, John Oesterreicher was a follower of Martin Buber, the Jewish philosopher. He first began to believe in Christ after reading the works of Soren Kierkegaard, Danish philosopher and theologian. While he was a medical student at the University of Vienna, John was inspired by the writings of Cardinal Newman, and finally came into the Catholic Church. After his ordination to the priesthood in 1927, Father Oesterreicher became director of St. Paul's institute and editor of *Die Erfüllung* (*The Fulfillment*).

After two narrow escapes from the Gestapo, in Austria and in France, Father Oesterreicher came to the U.S. That was in 1940. Eventually he became the director

of the Institute for Judaeo-Christian Studies at Seton Hall university in Newark, N.J. The institute has recently published the first volume of a yearbook of Judaeo-Christian Studies called *The Bridge*, a review of Jewish thought and life down the ages, and a search into the many implications of the words of Pope Pius XI, "Spiritually we are Semites."

Father Oesterreicher has also written *The Walls are Crumbling*, *Seeds of Hope*, and *The Apostolate to the Jews*, and many articles for publications in the U.S. and abroad. He has spoken to groups all over the U.S. In 1952 he celebrated the 25th anniversary of his ordination.

Rosalie Marie Levy became a Catholic in August, 1912, while working for the government in Washington, D.C. She has since written several pamphlets, books, and magazine articles. Perhaps her best-known booklet is *The Heavenly Road*, in which she examines the prophecies concerning the Messiah expected by the Jews, and shows how each one was fulfilled.

Kenneth Simon, like Janet Kalven, was a student at the University of Chicago and, like her, was influenced by St. Thomas Aquinas. In his book *The Glory of Thy People*, Simon says, "After my Baptism, which took place on November 6, 1936, all that had been promised was fulfilled. . . . I had but one de-

sire: to follow Christ, Who had come into the world to do his Father's will—to place my life entirely at his disposal. Thus did I, a Jew, without becoming less a Jew, become a Catholic."

Following his Baptism and his completion of medical school, Simon began his internship at Oak Park hospital near Chicago. Six months later, he obtained an internship in the psychiatric division of Bellevue hospital in New York City. He then received an appointment in the New York Psychiatric service at Brooklyn State hospital. Nine months later, Dr. Simon was invited by Lincoln Hall, a Catholic institution for boys, to begin a psychiatric department there.

A few years later, Dr. Simon entered one of the strictest Orders of the Church, the Trappists, and before long became Father M. Raphael. A book of his concerning psychiatry and the spiritual life is due soon, the fruit of his combined vocations as psychiatrist and contemplative monk.

The stories of the conversions of such people as Karl Stern, Raissa Maritain, Lillian Roth, and the late former Rabbi Israel Zolli are too well known to need more than a mention here. But there are many whose stories will probably never be published, Jewish converts who have followed various pathways that led them from the baptismal font to the altar, into the cloister, into the

schoolroom, into medicine, business, marriage, or to mission lands.

A Jewish convert will occasionally leave the Church after a while, unable to relinquish former companions or old habits that are in conflict with his Catholic ideals. But for the most part, Jewish converts remain zealous for their new faith.

Jacob Libermann was one of these. After his conversion in 1826, this rabbi's son studied for the priesthood. After many extraordinary setbacks (he contracted epilepsy) he was finally ordained. His intense interest in the plight of the Negro led him to start a new Religious Order which today is known as the Holy Ghost Fathers. Father Francis Libermann died in 1852 at the age of 50. Pius IX declared him Venerable.

More recently, Jewish converts have included a few martyrs. One of them, Edith Stein, a German Jewish philosopher, was one of the most brilliant intellects of our day. She became a Catholic after reading a life of St. Teresa of Avila; and, for a number of years, she taught at Catholic schools for girls and did occasional lecturing and writing.

As the nazi persecutions began, she was finally permitted to enter a Carmelite convent in Cologne, and later, to protect the other nuns, was transferred to a Carmelite convent in Holland. The Dutch bishops, angered at the nazi persecution of the Dutch Jews, issued a pastoral letter

denouncing nazi injustices and brutality. The letter was read at all the Masses in Holland on July 26, 1942. The nazi authorities, enraged by the letter, retaliated swiftly. On Aug. 2, all "non-Aryan" members of every Dutch Religious Community were arrested and carried off. They were herded into trucks, then packed into trains and shipped off "to the East"—to Poland, and the gas chambers of Auschwitz.

Thus, Edith Stein, as Carmelite Sister Teresa Benedicta, went to her death, wearing the yellow Star of David over her brown Carmelite

habit. Years before, not knowing what the future held in store for her, she had offered her life to God, for the Jewish people and for world peace.

Edith's death, and the deaths of her sister Rosa; Ruth Kantorowicz, an Ursuline; Dr. Meirowsky, a Dominican tertiary; five members of the Loeb family (two Trappistines, two Trappist priests, and one Trappist Brother), and the many other Jewish converts who perished with them, will be remembered by the Catholic world for many generations to come.



JOURNEY FOR MARY ELLEN

There's a girl in Florida named Mary Ellen who has a special place in her heart for bus drivers. Her story began several years ago when she was five. Both her parents were killed in an accident and she was left with nothing except the affection of her neighbors.

The neighbors, mostly poor folks, knew that she had grandparents in the South, almost 2,000 miles away, so among themselves they took up a collection for a bus ticket. They had about \$4 left over, and this was put in a small cloth sack for meals and such. Then they tied the sack around Mary Ellen's neck, together with a tag giving her name and a note to the bus drivers. "Please take care of Mary Ellen," it said. "She's an orphan now."

And take care of her they did. Indeed, everyone got into the act. People talked, laughed, and played games with her. At night the drivers took her home with them, and in the morning, with the help of their wives, made sure that her clothes were washed and ironed, that she ate a good breakfast, and that she was put on the right bus for the next big leg of her journey.

Mary Ellen reached her grandparents looking as though she had been on a picnic, and the little sack around her neck had mysteriously taken on a new shape. It was bulging with bills and coins—an extra helping hand from anonymous donors along the way.

Gerald E. Lee in the *Record* (June '55).

By Margaret McManus

Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy

Their teamwork is as effective in their home as on TV

PETER LIND HAYES is as well-known and as welcome as morning sunshine to millions of housewives because of his frequent substituting for Arthur Godfrey. Peter is not only a fortunate man but also the kind whose good fortune causes others to say, "It couldn't happen to a nicer guy." Only in this case they are much more likely to say, "It couldn't happen to a nicer couple," since Peter and his wife, Mary Healy, constitute one of the most talented and most attractive husband-wife teams in the recent history of entertainment.

Peter, Mary, and their two adopted children, Michael, seven, and Cathy, five, live in a handsome, ten-room Tudor house in a quiet section of New Rochelle, 35 minutes by train from New York City. Their house sits on a high sweep of ground, overlooking a golf course, with a view of gentle hills beyond. When Peter is filling in on Godfrey's morning show (as he will be during August and September this year), he leaves the house before 7 A.M. to drive the 20 miles to the city. He drives back in mid-afternoon.

I rode back with him recently for a glimpse of the home life of the



couple I have often heard described as "the nicest people in show business." As Peter pulled his car into the short, curved driveway and parked it next to Mary's station wagon, his family appeared at the kitchen door.

Mary Healy, a brown-eyed blonde who is every bit as pretty in person as she is on television, opened the door into an all-yellow kitchen. She moved quickly aside to let Mike and Cathy swoop upon their father, pouring out their day's adventures, poking at his pockets for possible treasure. Then little Michael introduced a sour note.

"Daddy, I watched you on television today. Couldn't you be funnier than that?"

"Begone!" said Peter, "Off to the playroom with you!" He explained that Michael had once got a laugh with that line, and "like many comedians, he unfortunately refuses to give it up." (I learned, though, that Michael is really a gentleman. He idolizes his little sister, but he doesn't let her know it.)

In the living room, Peter put on a tape recording of the show he had done that morning. Whenever he replaces Arthur Godfrey, Mary tapes the show. The first thing he does when he gets home is to play it back to analyze his performance.

He settled down on one of the twin pink sofas; Mary has decorated the living room in her favorite colors, pink and white. The voice of announcer Tony Marvin came from the loud-speaker set into a bookcase. Peter frowned in concentration.

"I thought it was an especially good show today, Peter," Mary said. Peter was listening carefully to the recording. At one point he shook his head dubiously.

"I'm talking too fast again," he said. "I have an awful inclination to rush. One of the first things Arthur said when he asked me to take on his morning show was, 'Don't hurry. Take your time. You've got no place to go—and an hour and a half to get there.'"

When the playback ended, I asked Peter about the persistent rumor that he is the heir apparent to the Godfrey radio and television shows. He emphatically denied it.

"I wouldn't want to try to succeed Godfrey," he said. "I have no ambition to operate on such a gigantic scale. I don't begin to have the energy and stamina it takes to do all the things Arthur does. I honestly don't know how he does it. All I want is a little ol' daytime television show of my own."

Mary said that she, too, thinks it would be best for Peter to have his own regular daytime show, one on which she could appear "when it is convenient." They have worked as a team since 1945, and she has no intention of retiring from show business.

"But the kind of show Peter does when he substitutes for Arthur is a solo kind of show," she said; "and besides, I don't wish to spend too much time away from the children. If Peter gets a regular show of his own, and is very nice to me, I might consent to be on a couple of times a week."

Peter said he thinks daytime television is the most satisfactory field for an entertainer who wishes to make a good living, have a normal home life, and not wear out his welcome in a season or two.

"Those wonderful ladies of the ironing-board brigade," he mused. "They're loyal. They don't demand a constantly new supply of polished material. You don't have to be in top form every day. If you have an off week, they say, 'Well, he wasn't so funny today, but was he a howl last Monday?'

"Fact is, they don't even want you to be great every minute. Sometime during that hour and a half, they'll have to slip away to do the dishes or finish some dusting. On daytime television, you're not just an entertainer. You're company."

Peter Lind Hayes, now 41, was born Joseph Conrad Lind in San Francisco. His father was a railroad man and an amateur singer. His mother was a vaudeville headliner billed as Grace Hayes. The Linds soon moved to Cairo, Ill., where Peter's father died when his son was two.

At the age of nine, the boy started to work in his mother's vaudeville act. At ten, he appeared in a Henry Duffy production in San Francisco. He early became an accomplished mimic, his first impersonation being one of child-star Jackie Coogan.

A few years later, when Peter and his mother came east to live in New Rochelle, not far from where the Hayeses live now, he joined her act at the Palace theater. He was also enrolled as a student at the Irish Christian Brothers school in New Rochelle.

"I entered there as a junior," Peter told me. "I soon became a sophomore, and finally a freshman. I was spending so much time polishing up the act, listening to the radio, and reading magazines, that I gave little time to study.

"One evening, the Brothers from the school came down to see our act. They took up a full front row of

seats. Afterwards they came backstage to compliment us on the performance. They told my mother that she might as well take me out of school, and let me learn show business full-time."

Around this time, Peter changed his name from Joseph Lind to Lind Hayes. "My mother and I used to be billed as Grace Hayes and Joseph Lind. One day when we were taking our bows, she was looking at me tenderly, and a lady out front hissed, 'Cradle snatcher!'" Thereafter, the act was billed as "Grace and Lind Hayes" to make the mother-son relationship clear.

Peter picked up his present first name a little later in Hollywood. "There was a starlet out there at that time who had taken the name Linda Hayes. When I began to receive her mail, including proposals of marriage from infatuated young men, it seemed time for a change."

It was their work in the movies that brought Peter and Mary Healy together. They met on a Jimmy Fidler Theater tour.

Mary Healy was born in New Orleans, and attended St. Mary's parochial school and St. Mary's High school there. She, too, lost her father when she was a baby. Her mother, Viola Healy, was an accountant.

In 1935, when Mary was still a high-school student, she was named Miss New Orleans. She subsequently got a job singing in the Blue room of the Roosevelt hotel. Then a

Hollywood talent scout offered her a movie contract.

"I was in Hollywood a solid year, taking elocution lessons, drama lessons, vocal lessons," Mary told me, "and I wasn't offered one part in a movie. I'm basically a lazy Southern girl, so I wasn't prepared to go on studying indefinitely without any rewards. Just as I was about to call it quits, I got the second lead in a movie called *Second Fiddle*.

"I stayed on then, but I never really liked Hollywood. I never felt secure there. I couldn't get used to the contrast between the effusive friendliness if you were working in a good picture and the fast brushoff you got between pictures."

Peter and Mary were married in 1940 after a whirlwind courtship. The ceremony was performed by Father Gilbert Hartke, the famous head of the drama department at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. Two years later, Peter enlisted in the Army Air Force, and Mary headed for New York.

"Mary really made the move here," said Peter. "I just trailed after her."

While Peter was overseas, Mary did a stint on Broadway. When Sergeant Hayes got out of the army in 1945, he wrote their first supper-club act.

Peter and Mary now make four-week stands at the Sands in Las Vegas. They have just signed a very remunerative new contract to con-

tinue this arrangement. They are the only performers who return with a completely new act every time. Peter still writes their shows.

Jimmy Wakely, the popular Western singer, once paid Peter a spontaneous compliment during a television show. "This may embarrass you, Peter," he said, "but I'm going to tell you what my wife and I thought about your show at the Sands. It lasted an hour, and we laughed for an hour; and there wasn't one off-color line in the whole act."

On television, Peter comes over exactly as he is: a pleasant, decent guy, with a quick mind, a witty tongue, and a charming blend of simplicity and sophistication. If he could choose, he would prefer to be a writer rather than a performer.

"But I just can't afford the luxury of being a free-lance writer," he said. "I'm going to try to do some writing in my free time, but my first consideration has to be security for my family."

The Hayeses are never separated from their children. If they take a vacation, they take the children along. When they go to Las Vegas, the children go, too.

"Michael is in school now," said Mary. "He goes to the Blessed Sacrament school here in New Rochelle, but last term I put him in school in Las Vegas for the month we were there. It doesn't hurt him a bit, I'm sure. It should broaden his scope."

They like to take the children with them to Las Vegas, she said, not only for the pleasure of having them along, but also because it gives them a chance to be with their Grandmother Hayes. Grace Hayes now has a club in Las Vegas, right across the street from the Sands. Peter always hustles across the street to his mother's club, between his two nightly shows, to entertain her customers.

"And I darn well better show up," he said. "If I miss a night, she calls me the next morning about it."

Peter and Mary said that their children are being reared as they themselves were, with an abundance of love, but also with firm discipline. He revealed that Michael and Cathy complain that he doesn't mention their names enough on television.

"They should complain," he said. "Right before the show goes on the air, I'm so nervous I hardly remember my own name. I don't even know who I'm talking to. Once we're under way, I ease up, except when I'm doing commercials. I find commercials very unsettling."

Peter does his most complete relaxing on the golf course. "I'm a real golf nut, to tell you the truth," he admitted. He usually shoots between 78 and 82, but one ecstatic day in July, 1950, at Lake Tahoe, he shot a glorious 68. Mary likes golf, too, but she is happy to break 100.

"We live a very simple life," said Mary. "We sit and talk a lot. We watch television. I enjoy television, of course, but Peter is absolutely addicted to it. We spend a lot of time with the children, and we see our friends often. That's about it."

The Hayeses' friends include John Crosby, brilliant television critic; Noel Coward, an ardent Hayes-Healy fan, who sent them two dozen roses on their last opening in Las Vegas; and Joe Frisco, the stuttering vaudeville comedian. Peter has an endless supply of Frisco jokes, which he tells on and off the air, but always with a credit line. Mary, with her infectious laugh, is his best audience.

I came away convinced that the people who described these two to me as "the nicest people in show business" were 100% right.



THROUGH A GLASS CLEARLY

A Texas millionaire, driving his Cadillac along a highway, spotted a hitch-hiker and stopped to pick him up. As the fellow climbed into the car, he noticed a pair of thick glasses lying on the front seat.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he ventured, a little uneasily, "but don't you think you ought to wear your glasses while driving?"

"Don't let that bother you, son," drawled the Texan. "This here windshield is ground to my prescription."

Drovers Telegram.

By Ralph Nading Hill
Condensed from "Window in the Sea"*

The Clowns From the Sea

Life without a porpoise would be dull for an aquarist

THE PORPOISES are the big attraction at the Marine Studios oceanarium near St. Augustine, Fla. Their sense of humor and curiosity fascinate visitors, and the scientists, too, for all that.

Spray, the first porpoise to be born alive in captivity, quickly learned to come to the aquarist to be petted and have her head rubbed. All he had to do was to swirl the water with his hand, and she would come a-flying even before she saw him.

She very easily learned to stick her snout through a small inner tube and carry it back to him—or, with unerring aim, to throw it back. This she did by coming up from underneath, spearing it with her snout, and, as she surfaced, hurling it through the air with a quick sideways movement of her snout. With her head entirely out of water, she would await the return of the inner tube like a fielder watching for a high fly.

But if the aquarist tried to hide the tube or lose himself behind the spectators, Spray would unfailingly spot him in the crowd and call impatiently through her blowhole. She



made a grating sound like that of a finger running over the teeth of a comb.

Another calf would toss the tube straight into the air and catch it on her snout as it came down. A third liked to carry it down to the bottom of the tank, disengage it from his snout, and try to tuck it under a rock so that it could not rise to the surface. At such a depth the inner tube invariably shot upward with great force, much to his bewilderment.

The inner-tube game is only elementary. One porpoise gets a perverse satisfaction out of hurling the tube so high and far that it sails over the railing at the top of the

*Book to be published by Rinehart & Co. © 1956 by Ralph Nading Hill, and reprinted with permission. This article is from an excerpt in the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. June, 1956.

oceanarium and down into the street. Visitors are likely to find an object, even a small coin, that is by chance dropped into the tank, suddenly returned to them. A cameraman lost his rubber lens shade in the water one day. He was flabbergasted when an obliging porpoise threw it back a moment later. Another startled observer who threw a fishhead into the tank got it back immediately—in the face.

On the top deck around the tank, visitors frequently find shells which the porpoises have tossed out when there was nothing better to do. They frequently balance shells or pieces of rock on their snouts and carefully make their way upward. As soon as they reach the surface they tip their heads, allow the object to sink, and try to recapture it before it reaches the bottom.

When spectators first saw this game they were so amused that the aquarist decided to drop several six-inch colored discs of plastic into the tank. Happy, the reserved old bull, ordinarily is above the childish pranks of the younger set. But soon, he, too, was parading through the tank with a plastic disc smartly balanced on his snout.

Porpoises are intrigued by anything alive, whether it be bird, fish, or beast. They are constantly after the turtles, the Ferdinands of marine life, who peacefully submit to all indignities. One young calf especially enjoyed raising a turtle to the surface with his snout and then

shoving him across the tank like an aquaplane. Almost any day a young porpoise may be seen trying to turn a 300-pound sea turtle over by sticking his snout under the edge of his shell and pushing up for dear life. This is not easy, and may require two porpoises working together.

In another game, as the turtle swims across the oceanarium, the first porpoise swoops down from above and butts his shell with his belly. This knocks the turtle down several feet. He no sooner recovers his equilibrium than the next porpoise comes along and hits him another crack. Eventually, the turtle has been butted all the way down to the floor of the tank. He is now satisfied merely to try to stand up, but as soon as he does so a porpoise knocks him flat. The turtle at last gives up, and pulls his feet under his shell. The game is over.

The Marine Studios porpoises have displayed some classic variations in the art of teasing. One male calf liked to carry a piece of squid to the bottom of the tank and drop it about a foot and a half away from a small cave inhabited by a red snapper. He would then back off and wait. In a few moments the snapper would venture out; thereupon, the porpoise would rush forward and snatch the bait from under his nose.

The average spectator, witnessing such a performance, finds it difficult to believe what he is seeing, for he is not accustomed to any display of

intelligence by any creature with the shape of a fish. The aquarists of the Marine Studios were just as surprised when it first became apparent to them that there are few animals as inventive as the porpoise, at least as far as play is concerned.

Although porpoises all look alike to the casual observer, the faces, figures, and mannerisms of our present happy, healthy school of porpoises are intimately known not only to each other but to the aquarists. They have all been given names, and are the subject of as much gossip as the members of a Saturday-night bridge club. "Algae had another 300,000 units of penicillin today, and his lesions seem much better," is heard in the corridors around the oceanarium. "Mona is having false labor again," and so on.

Mona has been with the Marine Studios since it reopened after the war and is one of the biggest eaters in the tank. Like a buxom, good-natured gal with an exaggerated sense of humor, she frequently knocks the divers flat when they enter the tank with their feeding baskets. She is, at the same time, a homebody with the reputation of being a very good mother, for she has produced three live offspring in the oceanarium.

Spray, her eldest daughter, the first to be born alive in captivity, is a mischief-maker who as a baby spent her time chasing red snappers and worrying her mother by rush-

ing at sharks. She became adept at games as she grew older, and was one of the first to recognize the large brushes that the aquarists fastened to the bottom of the tank for what they are: back-scratchers. A porpoise with an itchy back has only to swim upside down over the brush.

Happy, often referred to simply as the Bull, conducts the affairs of the porpoise colony with reserve and dignity and, if necessary, with hard-hearted discipline. He is more than eight feet long and weighs a quarter of a ton. If any of the younger males begins a flirtation, he starts for him like a guided missile. They swim so fast while escaping that their skin actually wrinkles.

When Happy is angry the younger porpoises scurry to their mothers and swim around the sides of the tank. Friendly with all the females during mating season, Happy seems quite monogamous at other times, preferring the company of Susie, the laziest of the females. For several years he has always swum with her and Nellie, her daughter, during rest periods.

Susie's son Algae, estranged from his mother when Nellie was born, is the bad boy of the oceanarium, and as such has gained the affection and sympathy of the entire staff. He is covered with toothmarks from his encounters with the bull. Some of these have been frightful, with the bull literally bouncing him off the side of the tank.

Algae is a tease, a mimic, and the Jack of Hearts among the females. He has mastered not only all of the other porpoises' tricks but is usually at work on some unlikely versions of his own. At the time when the inner tube was popular, his favorite pastime was to shove it under a sea turtle. No sooner would the turtle tip and the inner tube pop to the surface than the performance would be repeated, again and again.

For a long time, Algae enjoyed startling the other porpoises and the spectators by lifting a heavy rock off the floor of the tank with his snout and letting it down with a bang. Once a woman dropped her beret in the tank. Algae swooped forward, snagged it on a flipper, and barrel-rolled proudly through the tank.

By last year Algae had become bolder in facing up to the bull. He has long been the leader of the younger males; and since he has been growing bigger every year, the Jack of Hearts gives promise that he may one day become King.

There had never been any reason to hope that the oceanarium would become the home of a whale. But in 1948, a school of pilot whales stranded themselves in the surf near St. Augustine, and four were captured. They immediately started swimming among the excited porpoises, who had also schooled and were swimming very rapidly. Although it was evident that they did not like the whales, it scarcely

seemed possible that they would attack, but they did for an hour and a half the second night. The whales, while showing remarkable speed and agility in avoiding them, were exhausted, and spent most of the next few days sleeping together at the surface with their blowholes out of water.

The two females were the first to die. The surviving males remained meek and on the defensive, regarding the porpoises with wary eyes. On the eighth day, the larger of the males died of exhaustion and hunger. None of the four had shown the slightest appetite for live or dead fish, and the studios were unable to obtain squid until three had succumbed.

On the ninth day, the staff at last received a small number of frozen squid from Boston. Herman, the lone survivor, would not eat them in the daytime, but seized them eagerly when they were thrown to him in the dark. Great patience was required to make certain that he actually got the squid, for the watchful porpoises would steal them from under his nose.

Shy at first, Herman gradually recognized the divers and feeding attendants as his friends. The attendant had merely to stand on a small wooden platform over the water and throw him a squid every time he went by. He very quickly associated squid with the man on the platform, and during his feeding periods would swim clockwise

in ever-narrowing circles. The more times around, he realized, the greater the number of squid.

Finally he ceased circling. As soon as he heard the clank of the bucket or saw the uniformed attendant, he assumed a vertical position at the platform, with his enormous head out of water and tail straight down. He generally received the squid between his teeth one by one, but he could gulp half a bucket of them at a time; and soon he did not care whether it was night or day.

His relations with the porpoises gradually improved, but he was always careful at the platform to take a position in which he could observe the attendant with one eye and the porpoises and turtles with the other. If a turtle came too close, he would butt him out of the way.

He became so discriminating that even though others were present he could spot the feeding attendant when he appeared at the top of the tank. Rolling on his side and cocking one eye upward, he would follow him to the platform. Within a few months, he gained between 100 and 200 pounds and developed a noticeable paunch.

Herman started to eat fish not out of preference, but out of envy of the jumping porpoises. When their feeding bell rang, he at first merely stayed out of the way. Eventually he became just as excited as the porpoises, and sometimes succeeded in beating them in a race for a thrown fish. He fancied that he could jump,

too. While never matching their prowess, he managed to raise himself halfway out of the water at his little feeding platform.

As soon as he conquered his inhibitions, Herman became second to none at play. Upon discovering the forceful jet of water at the bottom of the tank, he thrust his enormous head directly over the nozzle and for hours would enjoy the massaging effect. Like the porpoises, he would pick up any small buoyant object he could grasp, release it in the jet, and chase it.

He also was on the lookout for anything dropped by spectators. On one occasion, improbable as it may seem, he paraded around the tank for an hour with a corncob pipe clenched between his teeth.

Because of his flat face, he was not able to do very much with the inner tube. Whenever he tried to hook it with his nose it would just slide off. He compensated for this by wearing it like a hat, or by swimming upside down on the surface with the tube hooked over a flipper. He grew very tame; and when the divers entered the tank to scrub the walls with a brush tied to a pole, Herman came up to be scrubbed, too.

While some of the porpoises continued to have nothing to do with him, others let him join their games. Whenever they rushed at him with mock ferocity, Herman playfully turned over on his back and the race began. Tired out at

last, he would go to sleep on the shady side of the tank or seek the company of Mona and Spray, who allowed him to swim with them. He could squeal with pleasure or excitement just like the porpoises and made other sounds that seemed to be uniquely his: a kind of smacking or kissing sound when he was resting, a loud report very much like a belch, a rasping, snoring noise, and an annoyed whining.

Things did not go well with Herman during the porpoises' mating season in April, six months after his introduction to the oceanarium. Two bulls and a female one night suddenly began to bite him and to ram him into the sides of the tank. He was capable of great speed, but could not dodge nor turn as fast as they, and to avoid them he was soon jumping clear out of the water. On the morning after the battle he was evidently in pain, for he just stayed at the surface and squealed continuously.

His keepers were greatly upset,

for Herman was the only one of his kind in captivity; moreover, they were fond of him. They decided to remove the offensive bull porpoises from the tank.

But two months later, there was an even more ferocious battle. All through the night a series of shocking thuds, bumps, grunts, and groans were heard in the passageways. The night pumpman turned on the lights, but the porpoises had so stirred up the water that he could not see clearly. He and other members of the staff could only stand by helplessly.

Herman was still alive in the morning, but he was covered with cuts and bruises. He would not eat, and remained at the surface squealing softly. For ten days the peaceful pilot whale that would have loved to become a porpoise, if they had only let him, lingered; and then he died. An autopsy revealed a fractured jaw, but the night pumpman insists it was Herman's heart that was broken.



MONEY TALKS

I am 25 cents. I am not on speaking terms with the butcher. I am too small to buy a pint of ice cream. I am not large enough to purchase a box of candy. I am too small to buy a ticket to the movies. I am hardly fit for a tip, but believe me, when I go to church on Sunday, I am considered some money!

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C. in *Ave Maria*.

There's really nothing wrong with money—except that it's so terribly habit forming.

Harold Coffin.

By Marion Hargrove
*Condensed from "McCall's"***

Weather Is Her Business

Marion Hogan can tell you what the sun, the wind, and the average housewife will do tomorrow

MARION HOGAN is a commercial meteorologist. She runs Weather Services, Inc., in Boston. Stamp dealers come to her to find out when to advertise; so do air-conditioning firms, for the same reason. At their request, she tells transit companies how many buses to run, movie producers how to schedule their shooting, Air Force bases whether to fly or ground their jets, and lobstermen what the price of chicken lobster will be at the end of next week.

Her teletype machine can stop a dredging crew, suspend a road-construction project, cause city managers in any of 185 communities to ignore a weather-bureau snow warning, or switch a bakery chain's production for the day from crullers to blueberry muffins. She can even tell her corner newsboy how many papers to buy today.

These feats, though, pale in importance when compared with her major exploit, the daily forecasting of housewives' behavior. This is the



way she tells the "cold-day" story.

The yawning homemaker, Mrs. Jones, dragging herself to the kitchen window in the morning, is interested in three things: the look, the feel, and the sound of the day. She glances at the sky, reads the thermometer, and listens suspiciously for the slightest wind. In less than a minute, whether she knows it or not, her mood and her agenda have been set for the day.

If the morning is cold (i.e., 10° lower than the day before) and windy, Mrs. Jones will not be going out today. She is motivated by the cave instinct. She is a little de-

pressed, and more than a little restless. She goes about the house, turning on all the lights, and pushes the heat up to 70°, where it will remain until the second warm day in a row. She feels a strong compulsion to do a lot of cooking.

She feels a stronger urge to talk to somebody, so she telephones two or three friends. Finished in the kitchen, she prowls through the closets, gathering things for the cleaner, whose telephone is busy the first two times she calls.

She has barely finished telephoning a food order when the fuel truck arrives, unexpected and uninvited. She is somewhat provoked, having planned not to call the fuel company until the day after it sends out its bills, but nonetheless she orders 275 gallons instead of the usual 175.

After lunch, she calls Mr. Jones at the office and asks him to pick up a cake or something at that little bakery next to the subway entrance. All day long she's been munching snacks; tomorrow she'll go back to her diet. Late in the day she collapses into a living-room chair.

Although her husband and children may never adjust to Mrs. Jones on a day like this one, spectacular adjustment has already been made by the people with whom she does business. Long before this day broke, Marion Hogan was going over her charts, correlating heat with saturation points and today with yesterday, and giving the morning a score somewhere be-

tween plus 3 ("glorious") and minus 3 ("for ducks").

Consequently, when Mrs. Jones got up this morning, a staggering number of people already knew that she was in for a minus-1 day.

The electric company has bought or manufactured a large quantity of extra power. The transit authority has garaged many buses and is running fewer cars on each subway train. The suburban telephone switchboard, usually handled by one girl (who is reading *The Sudden Strangers*), has extra help for the morning and will have even more between four and six this afternoon.

The fuel company, because it knows Mrs. Jones's budget tricks as well as she does, sent the truck around just to sell that extra 100 gallons. The supermarket ordered a minimum of perishables for today; the store that delivers has extra food and extra personnel. The dry cleaner has perhaps twice his usual staff for the day.

As for the subway-entrance bakery, one of a large chain, its owner was dragged out of bed at two in the morning so that he would know in advance what to bake (much gooier stuff than yesterday), how much to bake (30% less) and where to send it (two-thirds to the subway entrances and such, only one-third to the neighborhood outlets).

This hypothetical day is necessarily a Monday, a Tuesday or a Wednesday, since these are the only weekdays on which Mrs. Jones will

allow things to go entirely to pot. Thursday through Saturday, certain things around the place must be done, weather or no. A minus-1 Sunday is different, too, a red-letter day for all newspaper advertisers except real-estate dealers. A minus-2 Sunday has the whole family digging into even the tiniest print, and a minus-3 Sunday even fetches out the Sears Roebuck catalogue.

At the other end of the scale is the plus-3 weekday, which the housewife characterizes as "a good day for drying." The heat goes off, the lights go out, and Mrs. Jones heads for the basement laundry. The single suburban telephone operator puts down her book and gazes out the window. The department stores and the transportation services prepare for a prosperous afternoon.

One restaurant, off the Boston Common, whips up 1,500 salads for the girls from the financial district who are going to take it into their heads to go shopping at lunchtime—and will decide, on the spur of the moment, to drop in at this very restaurant for lunch. The bakery chain switches dizzily from crullers to blueberry muffins, from bread to hamburger rolls, and sends two-thirds of everything to the neighborhood stores. The delivery grocer sits on his hands. The supermarket does a magnificent business, especially in lettuce and tomatoes.

The amusement park at the beach won't get at all excited. Nice sunny

day, but no easterly wind. Without an easterly wind, everybody just lies out there on the beach.

The thing that makes people like Marion Hogan essential to industry is the vast number of people reacting precisely alike to any given condition. A man at the waterworks can clock the middle commercial on *I Love Lucy* on a meter; the water pressure zooms down as everybody goes to the bathroom at once. A Yankees-Red Sox game that once ran well over midnight sent the Boston Edison Co. scurrying through three states buying extra power. At 1:15 A.M. somebody hit a ball over a fence, and the sudden turning-out of lights and radio sets from one end of New England to the other just about blew the whole circuit.

While home runs cannot be predicted, weather reactions can. Children will get completely out of hand when the wind reaches 40 miles an hour. Mental patients will become violent when the barometric pressure drops. Food sales will drop apallingly the second day of a heat wave, hit bottom the third day, and suddenly return to normal on the fourth.

Nothing in Marion Hogan's appearance hints at her talent for forecasting weather, or at her forceful shrewdness for exploiting this talent. A tallish, brown-haired girl with mischievous hazel eyes and a bubbling humor, she looks precisely what she is: the grown-up kid sister of a pleasant Irish-American family.

She likes sailing and light-plane flying, although the aftereffects of childhood polio deny her a pilot's license. She enjoys a good joke and can usually top it. To look at her, you would never think that mountains move when she gets on the phone.

Miss Hogan seemed to drift effortlessly into her field. She won her Master's degree at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with a paper called *A Preliminary Study of Industrial Meteorology*, which dealt primarily with what a muggy day does for the refrigerator-repair business. (Constant opening of the refrigerator door lets in great amounts of moisture to condense on the freezing unit.)

Out of MIT, Miss Hogan set up shop in 1946 as Weather Services, Inc. The firm plots its own maps and makes its own forecasts, which often sharply disagree with those of the U.S. Weather bureau. It cooperates with weather observers from Hudson bay to South America and from Bermuda to Hawaii, some 550 of them in the U.S. alone.

Relations between Miss Hogan and the Weather bureau are warm. There is warm resentment on the bureau's part, warm distrust on hers. Her week-end weather map for the Gulf Oil Co., for instance, some-

times bears no resemblance to the official forecasts. Her clients among municipalities and airports may hear on the radio that there will be 12 inches of snow tomorrow, but unless Miss Hogan verifies it, not a plow will leave the barn. One baker client who accepted an official snowstorm warning instead of Miss Hogan's all-clear found himself, in the middle of a glorious afternoon, with every store cleaned out and 40 customers pounding on the counter for breads and cakes he didn't have.

The government forecasts are 80% correct; Miss Hogan's, 95%. The bureau can talk in generalities, and its clients, the taxpayers, are resigned to whatever errors it might make, but Miss Hogan's clients can measure her errors in thousands of dollars. She, therefore, must study things the bureau hasn't time for: terrain, weather records for ten years back, weather differences between opposite ends of the same town. Her forecasts must be streamlined, specific, highly personalized, and expressed in terms of snowplows and hamburger rolls.

The rivalry between private and official meteorology is a good thing, she feels; eventually the industrial weatherman will put some starch into the government service.



The best things in life aren't really free, because most of us have to spend a lifetime learning they're the best things.

Harold Coffin.

By Victor J. Drapela
Condensed from the "Ave Maria"*

The Reds Reach Out for the Refugees

*Communist spiders beckon
from Iron-Curtain parlors*



TENSE solemnity was in the air on May 9, 1955, as a stocky, grim-faced man entered the cabinet room in the ornate Hradcany castle in Prague, Czechoslovakia. He sat down at a desk and leaned forward over a document.

Then he spoke briefly to the assembled men and signed the paper. That day, communist Radio Prague announced that President Antonin Zapotocky had granted amnesty to all Czech escapees "who, influenced by enemy propaganda, had illegally left the country, under condition that they return home within the next six months."

Shortly afterward, an official Czech-embassy announcement appeared in the *New York Times* and in other leading Western papers: "Come home, Czechs and Slovaks; all is forgiven."

As the story broke, Western leaders began digging for the reasons that lay behind such an unusual outburst of Red mercy. For one

thing, they said, Khrushchev's co-existence argument worked in two directions; it confused Westerners, but it backfired in Russia's own realm as well. Puzzled rank-and-file communists were losing confidence in their party's future and kept looking for alibis, while the hitherto passive resistance of satellite nations grew more articulate.

Shrewdly, the Reds decided to meet the oncoming crisis by getting a sizable number of refugees back home and presenting them as disillusioned victims of Western propaganda, who had given up any hope for liberation of their homeland. The Reds reasoned that the return of refugees would create an illusion of political relaxation at home, and demonstrate some sort of internal co-existence between the regime and its non-communist subjects.

By June of 1955 the drive was in full swing. A government agency was set up to supervise the propaganda apparatus abroad. Significantly, names of non-communists were listed among its officials to make the

**Notre Dame, Ind. May 19, 1956. © 1956 by the Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.*

affair look as democratic as possible. The agency publishes a weekly, the *Voice of the Homeland*, featuring a drawing of Prague's cathedral on its front page.

The paper is air-mailed free of charge to refugees all over the world. It contains skillfully written editorials and "messages of relatives" to soften hearts and work up emotions.

Here is an example. Mrs. Vachelova, the mother of a boy who had fled to France, was quoted as saying, "He is my only son. Just ask any mother what it means to worry about her child. No one but a mother will understand. How many sleepless nights I had in those eight years that he was gone, how many tears I shed! Then my husband died, and here I was all alone, suffering even more. But somehow I always kept up hopes that my boy would come back. You just can't imagine my joy when I learned of the amnesty granted by our president."

The paper systematically exploited genuine human emotions, especially the loneliness besetting family men who had left wives and children behind. The editors pretended to have an almost parental understanding for the poor refugees starving somewhere in the capitalistic jungle.

To give the drive a more personal tone, Prague has mobilized the Czechoslovakian people to write to relatives and friends abroad begging

them to return home. The letters were to be mailed open, so that the censors of the secret police wouldn't lose time unsealing them. Yet the messages lacked enthusiasm, and some even deliberately defeated the purpose of the drive. One sample: "It's bad enough that you are gone; be sure not to get yourself into trouble."

More orthodox and compelling were the letters mailed by Czech embassies. Most of them ended by inviting the refugee to get detailed information from embassy officials. In one instance, after the addressee left two letters unanswered, he got a third one stating that "your request for repatriation has been received and permission is herewith granted. No charges are filed against you. Please pick up your papers at this office as soon as possible."

Much of the sweet talk is gone, however, once the returnee arrives behind the barbed-wire enclosure at the Czech port of entry. His papers and belongings are checked efficiently, and he is sent off to Prague. His relatives await him there along with a representative of the Rehabilitation committee. Wherever he goes, the secret police keep watch over him, and he is told how he is to fit into the Red-propaganda pattern. If he is prominent enough, he has to "volunteer" a radio or TV appearance; otherwise, he writes his statement for the press.

Here is a typical statement by a

returnee, one Karel Nasler. "All I had hoped for when abroad was now granted to me by our government. Please give my thanks to Mr. President for all advantages I got from his pardon. By efficient work and good behavior I will make restitution for misdeeds.

"My fellow workers accepted me among themselves as if they'd known me for years, and no one reminds me of my misbehavior. I like my job as a driver for the government bus lines. I am most satisfied."

Derogatory attacks against the West were included in most of the statements, like the one of Jaromir Jonak. "Canadian food was so bad that every day one of us workers got sick to his stomach."

The Church got its share, too. Returnee Ladislav Zapletal, identified as a "devout" Catholic, said that "influenced by enemy propaganda of the British and Vatican broadcasts," he had escaped to Italy. There he was maltreated by priests and by the Italian police. Back home, he could now at last experience the full benefit of freedom of religion.

Thus far, the Red campaign has made little progress. About 60,000 Czechoslovak refugees are living outside the Iron Curtain. The Free Europe Committee, Inc., of New York lists 437 Czechs and Slovaks known to have returned to their homeland under the provisions of the amnesty. Allowing for a few

others, whose names were withheld, we reach a total of some 500 returnees.

Among the returnees there were 97 known Red agents and persons suspected or convicted of criminal actions, 53 children who followed their parents, and 48 persons who left Czechoslovakia before the communists ever seized power. That leaves some 300 rank-and-file refugees who returned.

Who were they? No doubt, some were adventurers who had by now "seen it all" and looked for a change. Others were maladjusted persons used to leaning heavily on their families. But at least 70 persons among them should never have been lost. They were hardship cases, stranded in western Europe, without a decent livelihood, and without a chance to move overseas. Nobody wanted them, they felt; hence, they returned to Czechoslovakia in despair.

But the important fact is that fewer than 1% of the refugees returned to their Red-dominated homeland. The Czech amnesty actually advanced the cause of the free world.

For its failure showed that more than 99 out of 100 refugees preferred a lonely life of freedom to rejoining their loved ones in a life of slavery. The Christian principles of human dignity and freedom under God attracted refugees far more than the Marxist masterminds had ever suspected.



C & O Engine

701

Makes Most Unusual Children's Playground

Children love a train. There is one train on which youngsters can play without being chased off. In Covington, Va., the children are luckier than most, because they own a train.

Locomotive 701 puffed the equivalent of 34 times around the world, and almost ended up on the scrap heap. Rather than break up the ancient freight hauler, the Chesapeake & Ohio railway donated it to the Covington kids as a permanent playground.

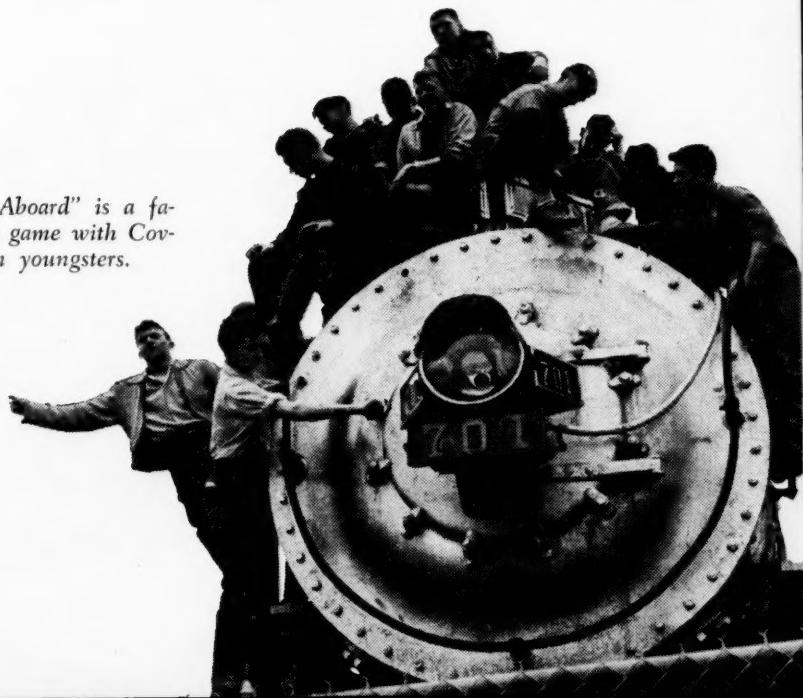
Every day after school, youngsters swarm onto the train and make believe they are "driving" it in different directions. There is always something new to discover, with time aplenty to find out more about their very own "701." The engine was built in 1911 for the Hocking Valley railroad, now part of the C. & O., and was put on the Covington-Hot Springs run 14 years ago.

Photos by
Birnback Publishing Service



This is one train, in a most unusual playground, on which children can play without being chased off.

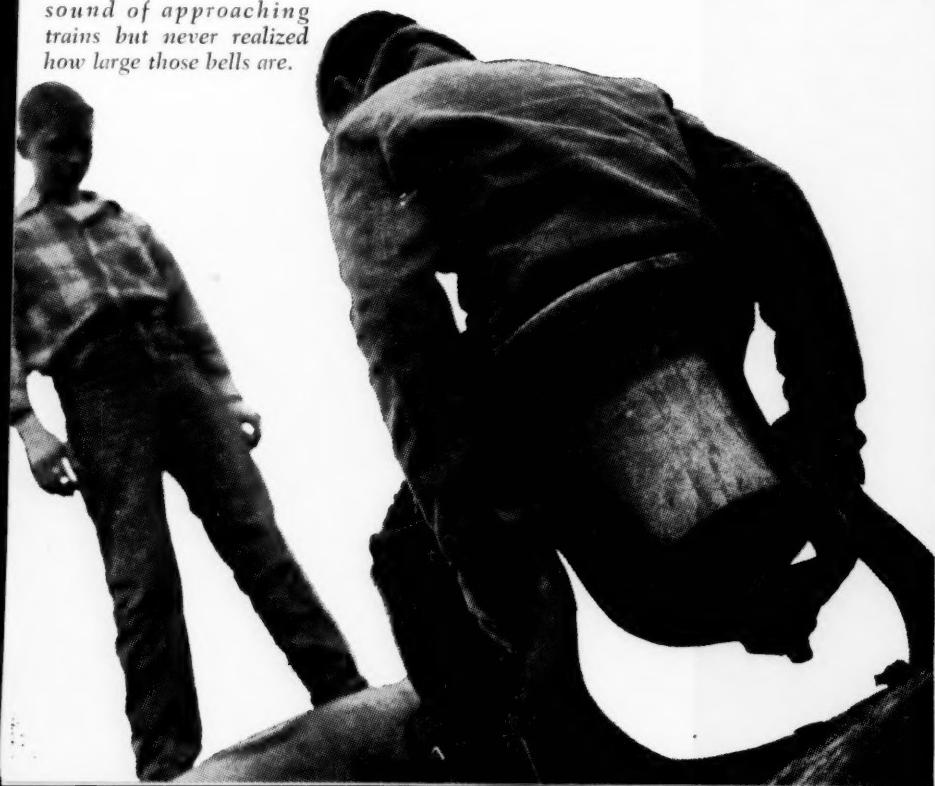
"All Aboard" is a favorite game with Covington youngsters.





The children's enthusiasm for the old engine has made the grownups of the community more railroad conscious, too.

The kids often hear the sound of approaching trains but never realized how large those bells are.





Every youngster wants to find out how trains look underneath. Covington kids know.



The boys study the display board on the playground. The board furnishes complete data and history of the engine.

Sheila Cudahy and the World of Books

*She's a strong character
in a slight body*

THE SLIM YOUNG woman in the smart black suit sat quietly behind the big desk which took up most of the small, book-lined office. The sun, at her back, glinted off her dark blonde hair. Her face was serious, her expression thoughtful, preoccupied.

"I'm afraid I'm not very good copy for you," she said, apologetically.

It is characteristic of Sheila Cudahy that she should so modestly underestimate her position as one of the most influential women in the publishing world today. This trait comprises a great part of her charm.

But Roger Straus, Jr., president of the business in which she is one of three partners, says of her, "She's a great dame!" John Farrar, the other partner in the publishing firm of Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Inc., says, "She has a real feel for publishing."

Sheila Cudahy, at 35, is a full partner in this publishing company. The firm engages in general publishing, and is possibly unique insofar as the three partners are members



of the three principal religions of the United States. Within the company are several areas of special interest: Ariel Books, a general juvenile list; the Art Directors' Annual; the Great Letters series; the Master Musicians' series; the Religion department; and Vision Books. This last, probably, is the activity closest to the heart of the young-woman vice president and secretary of the company who is the spiritual mother of Vision Books, as well as their editor-in-chief.

The two men, Roger Straus, Jr., and John Farrar, unite in praising this brilliant young Catholic woman, not only for her charm and other personal qualities, but for her executive and administrative abili-

ties, her impeccable taste, and her knack for picking fine books and best sellers.

Her scholarly background and personal conservatism buttress her daring imagination. She has tried many new publishing ideas since she joined the house three years ago, and one, Vision Books, is a real success story. Among the authors of these biographies of Catholic saints, martyrs, and other heroes are Thomas Merton, Bruce Marshall, Frances Parkinson Keyes, Jim and Virginia Bishop. Young readers from nine to 15 can trace the development of their heritage from the early saints to Father Duffy of the Fighting 69th.

Sheila Cudahy was born into one of America's wealthiest families, the meat-packing Cudahys. Her father, Edward, now 70, was the 15-year-old boy who was kidnaped and held for \$25,000 ransom by the notorious Pat Crowe, a labor fanatic whom he had befriended.

That was in 1900. Young Cudahy was on his way home from returning a book borrowed from a neighbor when he was seized. He was held for more than 24 hours, but was returned unharmed and Crowe was arrested. Sheila and her brothers heard the story when they were growing up, and one of the books in the library in her Sutton Place apartment is a dog-eared copy of Pat Crowe's own story of the kidnapping.

The Cudahy family's home was

in Lake Forest, Ill., a Chicago suburb. Sheila went to school there, and then to Foxcroft, in Middleburg, Va. Until she was 18, and had finished at Foxcroft, her life and education followed the conventional pattern of a daughter of the wealthy.

It was soon apparent, though, that she was not going to turn into a mere social butterfly. She has a discerning mind, and she sought various outlets for it—study, travel, teaching—never striking quite the right one until after her marriage to George Pellegrini in 1943. At the end of the war, in 1946, they went into one of the most fiercely competitive businesses in the country, book publishing. The young Pellegrinis were eager to develop American Catholic authors and to advance Catholic literature. They worked together so harmoniously and enthusiastically that they built a firm which within a few years confounded cynics.

They were well on their way to becoming an established fixture in publishing circles, for they attracted excellent writers. Among Pellegrini and Cudahy authors who are now on Farrar, Straus & Cudahy lists are *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*'s own Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton; G. K. Chesterton; Nobel Prize winner François Mauriac; Giovanni Guareschi, who created Don Camillo; James Broderick, S.J.; Philip Carman, S.J.; Bruno Bramanti.

The firm prospered, and the Pel-

legrinis moved to New York. In January, 1951, a son, Edward, was born. The following year, George Pellegrini died suddenly, in his 30's, of a heart attack. The world that he and his wife had fashioned with so much hard work, idealism, and imagination, with so much love and faith, was shattered.

The young widow's grief was overwhelming; but, in time, assuaged by faith, it yielded to the demands of life and her small son's need of her. Sheila had no financial need to work. But she wanted to work. At this juncture, she met Roger Straus and John Farrar.

Straus is the son of Roger W. Straus, widely known as founder of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. Straus and Farrar are men of strong religious feelings. Their aim was to publish books of spiritual substance that would interest Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. They had a religion department, as had Pellegrini & Cudahy. But as a general house, Straus and Farrar wished to find the books which would appeal to an informed general market. They found them in such works as those of the Trappist monk, Thomas Merton.

Both Straus and Farrar, however, had long wished to extend the firm's activities in both the juvenile and religious fields. Straus proposed that Sheila Cudahy merge her business with theirs. One of the fruits of the association is that together they were able to realize many ideas

which separately they might not have been able to carry through.

"This held true especially in the field of books on religion," Miss Cudahy said. "One of the ideas we put over together was Vision Books, which I never could have managed alone, now that my husband is gone."

"Roger Straus was enthusiastic about Vision Books. So was John Farrar. I still hesitated. I'm not really a children's editor," I told them.

"Let me worry about that," Roger said, and so I came into the firm. Now Vision Books is a success story, in just a year. The three of us found we could get along fine together, and the 'interim procedure' as Roger called those first months, has turned into a full, fine partnership.

"The important thing is the acceptance by the book market of the sound history that is part of the cultural heritage of the Catholic Church. The Church has come of age in this country.

"I wish that Religious Orders in this country would create more writers and scholars," she said. "Priests and nuns are overworked now; few have time enough to study and write and develop latent talents. I hope to help change that, to discover and bring along for our adult-Catholic list, our general list, writers of the caliber of the English Jesuit Father James Broderick, for one. The great majority of our Catholic books are written by Euro-

peans, and we have got to grow more aware of this, and develop more trained thinkers like Father D'Arcy and Father LaFarge."

The first step toward realization of this ideal was taken last year. One of the Cudahy projects, an activity of the religion department, was a nuns' contest for an original work of fiction or nonfiction. The winning book will be published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, and will be a selection of the Thomas More Book club.

Editorial work in the firm is pretty much a cooperative effort, but Sheila Cudahy's job involves the usual duties of management. She has the rare gift of managing without seeming to, a talent much appreciated by her male partners. Farrar said, "I've been very fortunate in my life to have worked with two women in publishing who had extraordinary executive ability and who could get along with people, women who never make a man in the office with them uncomfortable. They are women who are feminine in the best sense of the word. They never cross you up, women like this. They are my wife, Margaret, and Sheila Cudahy.

"Another thing," he said. "Sheila has great understanding. One day I was worried about a matter of faith. She said to me, very patiently, 'John, you must get a sense of humor about these things.'"

"She has great taste in the field of general books," Roger Straus

said, "and she's so well educated that she can work in three languages, her own, French, and Italian, so she's as much at home in European publishing circles as here. That's a distinct advantage for us."

The realistic way that Sheila has adapted herself to the pressures and demands of business is exceptional; as is her easy, effortless handling of her child's life and education. She spends much time with the boy, now five, and is on the Board of Trustees of St. David's, the new private Catholic school he attends in New York. His mother chose this school because of the emphasis on solid education, religious training, and the fact that Latin is taught early. "I feel strongly about Latin," she said.

She is small, not a whit over 5 feet, and she wears a size-7 dress. She has a woman's interest in clothes and a busy woman's exasperation because her tiny figure makes quick shopping impossible. She has to spend time having clothes custom-made: suits in Italy when she makes her annual trip abroad, coats and dresses wherever convenient.

Miss Cudahy is a fine hostess, noted for her quiet, beautiful entertaining. Guests at small dinner parties in her cooperatively owned Sutton Place apartment have that rare experience of hearing brilliant, witty talk which can be profound or light, but never commonplace.

Her Catholicism is strong and steadfast. It is as much a part of her

as her blood and her blue eyes. She has breadth of mind and understanding, but no disposition, ever, to compromise with principle, even on small things. She can be charming and worldly, but there's a deep core of firm, unshakable belief, of respect for that belief, and insistence on others' equal respect for it, at least in her presence.

She was in the center of a large, mixed group one day, at a publishers' cocktail party in London. A man got a little out of hand conversa-

tionally. "That's blasphemous," she said, speaking out distinctly, but quietly, so that only the man and those immediately around heard her. She then tactfully and graciously engaged the man in conversation on an entirely unrelated subject, and the incident passed unnoticed by most, but not unremembered by those who heard and saw what Sheila had done.

She has been so successful, she is bound to make old-fashioned integrity fashionable and popular.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

My mother never heard about Supreme Court decisions on segregation or integration, but she had heard about the teachings of Jesus Christ. So she always treated our colored laundress, Lottie, with all the tenderness and love one accords a true friend. During the many years that Lottie worked for us, she always seemed just like one of the family. At least, mother always treated her that way, and taught us children to do the same.

Lottie finally left us to take a better paying job. The day she went, she told my mother, "If you ever really need me, just let me know, and I'll come right away."

Years passed, and our family grew larger. We moved to another section of the city. I'm ashamed to say that we rather forgot Lottie. But she did not forget us. My mother died, and the day following her death, Lottie stood at our door. No one had thought to send for her, but she had come just the same: "To help out," as she put it.

For a week, Lottie took complete charge of the house. She cleaned and cooked—and consoled five motherless youngsters—without accepting a cent of pay. It was, she told us, "just my way of saying 'thank you' to the kindest lady I ever knew."

Mrs. Emma Turnbull, Daphne, Ala.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unselfing kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us; we will have your question answered. If your question is selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to: Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

This month's question and answer follow.

THE LETTER

MY WIFE is a Catholic and receives THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, which I enjoy reading very much. I am an Episcopalian, and was taught that there is no purgatory. It was explained that a purgatory was not necessary because God is so merciful and forgiving that one has to be hopelessly wicked to be condemned to hell. Otherwise, if you have repentance you go to heaven—there is no in-between. Therefore: Can you justify for me the existence of purgatory? John E. Drayton.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

FROM TEXTS of Scripture alone, John, I doubt that I can convince you of the existence of purga-

tory. As an Episcopalian, you must know that Jesus Christ established his Church to teach his doctrine as He had taught it. Never did he promise that He would write out every detail of that teaching or have his disciples write it out completely.

But He did promise those He sent to teach that He would remain with them all days even to the end of the world, and that He would send the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, who would abide with them forever and teach them. In other words, He gave them assurance that they need not worry about the integrity or success of their teachings; He would be there, Himself, to see that they did the job properly, and the Holy Ghost would inspire and direct them.

Our immediate reason for believing in purgatory is that the Church of Christ teaches us, in our Lord's name, that there is such a place. In other words, Jesus Christ teaches us through his Church that purgatory exists. Since you are not a Catholic, you may not be entirely convinced by the fact that the Church teaches this doctrine today, or that she defined it clearly in the Council of Trent. But, as an Episcopalian, you do believe in traditional Christianity, and only a little investigation

will make it clear that the Church has been praying for the souls of the dead since the time of the Apostles. She would not have prayed for them if she had not believed that they could be helped by her prayers. She knows that hell is eternal, that prayers won't help anyone there. She knows that the souls in heaven need no help, she has always prayed to them. If there were no purgatory, she would have wasted 1900 years of prayers.

The point of our investigation will be that the Church has held and acted on the idea of purgatory from the very beginning, and that she has taught it rather clearly from early centuries.

To be thorough we had better start from Old Testament times. It is quite apparent through all of Scripture that God imposes punishment and expects penance and reparation, even after the guilt of sin is forgiven. Adam was forgiven his original sin, but he still had to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. Moses was forgiven his fault at the Waters of Contradiction, but he was deprived of all but a glimpse of the Promised Land. David repented his adultery and murder, and God forgave him; but He still punished him by taking his child. But it is evident that not all of us are punished here on earth in proportion to our sins. Could the just God punish one sinner, and let the next one get by scot-free for the same offense? From God's ancient requirement

that sins be punished even after they are forgiven comes the need for purgatory, if that punishment is to be equal and adequate.

We have definite evidence that the Jewish people, before the time of Christ, believed in praying for the dead. Our best information on this subject comes from II Machabees, 12, 43-46. Now don't shout at me that this is an apocryphal book. I know that, though I prefer to call it a book of the Second Canon. So I will not quote it to you as inspired Scripture; you would not accept my argument. But you certainly accept this book as good sound history. And on that basis we know that Judas, the leader of the Jewish armies, took up a collection after a battle, and "sent 12,000 drachmas of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead . . . It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."

The early Christians accepted these words as inspired by God, but even if they had not, they would evidently have found in them historical precedent for their own early practice of praying for the souls of the dead.

The New Testament has only a couple of texts which refer to purgatory, and they are a bit obscure, requiring the teaching authority of Christ's Church to settle uncertainties of their interpretation. One is from the Gospel of St. Matthew,

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT THE CHURCH? 115

12, 32. Our Lord says that the sin of a person who speaks against the Holy Ghost "will not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come." Various Fathers of the Church, among them St. Augustine (*City of God*, 21, 24) and St. Gregory the Great (*Dial.* 4, 39) point out that these words would not have meaning unless some sinners were to be forgiven in the next world.

My other text is from St. Paul (*I Cor.* 3, 11-15). Every man's work will be tested, as by fire, and "if any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss; but he himself will be saved, yet so as by fire." Here again, the early Fathers, like St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Augustine, and Origen, interpret this text as referring to the purifying fires of purgatory.

I don't want to bore you with a whole list of quotations from the early Fathers of the Church. But I believe it is important to indicate some of the historical sources of our information that the Church of Christ prayed fervently for the dead from the earliest times, and believed that their sins and debts would be forgiven after death, and that our prayers and sacrifices would help them to attain peace and rest. And that is the doctrine of purgatory, no matter what name you call it.

(Maybe we had better explain for some of our friends, John, that my references in the following paragraphs are to Migne's collections of

the writings of the Greek Fathers [P.G.] and the Latin Fathers [P.L.]. There is now a translation of most of these Fathers available in English, entitled *Fathers of the Church*.)

Tertullian was not always orthodox, but he is one of the best witnesses we have of 2nd-century customs. He died in 222. He once warned a widow that she would be guilty of infidelity if she failed to pray for her husband's soul, begging repose for him (P.L. II, col. 912).

Clement of Alexandria describes the process of purification of those who die without time for penance (P.G. IX, col. 332).

St. Cyprian forbade the customary prayers and Sacrifice of the Church for a person who died in defiance of Church law (P.L. IV, col. 399).

Origen teaches the doctrine of purgatory very clearly (P.G. XIII, col. 445, 448).

From the 4th century we have abundant evidence from the liturgy — the official prayers of the Church. Here is one of the prayers of that time; we could hardly improve on it today: "Let us pray for our brethren who sleep in Christ, that God who in his love for men has received the soul of the departed one, may forgive him every fault, and in mercy and clemency receive him into the bosom of Abraham" (P.G. I, col. 1144).

If you want some real early evidence of the Church's custom of

praying for the dead you should visit the Catacombs. There you often find the tombs of the dead inscribed with prayers that they may find rest and peace.

By the time of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, around the end of the 4th century, the doctrine of the Church about purgatory finds definite expression. St. Ambrose preached a sermon for his friend and emperor, Theodosius, in which he prayed: "O Lord, give rest to thy servant, Theodosius, that rest Thou has prepared for thy saints. . . . I loved him; therefore will I follow him to the land of the living; I will not leave him till by my prayers and lamentations he shall be admitted unto the holy mount of the Lord." (P.L. XVI, col. 1367). And St. Augustine points out that "some there are who have departed this life, not so bad as to be deemed unworthy of mercy, nor so good as to be entitled to immediate happiness" (*City of God*, 21, 24).

John, maybe you and I will be in that class of men described by St. Augustine. I am sure that you do not expect to go to hell; I don't. If I did, I would be guilty of despair. I go along with your statement that God is so merciful and forgiving that only the hopelessly, unrepentantly wicked will go to hell. But I don't quite see how I could go along with you straight to heaven, immediately after death. I am aware of many things which I owe to God in justice as a result of my past sins,

and also of a leopard's array of dark spots from present minor sins and attachments to things which draw me away from God and prevent my complete and instant union with Him.

My idea of purgatory does not detract in any way from the effectiveness of the Redemption, or the completeness of God's forgiveness. It merely points out that God is just and holy, as well as merciful. God would not be just if He did not punish sin; it would mean that He condoned it; that He didn't really care whether we sinned or not. If He didn't have a purgatory He would be consenting to my rebellious spirit and my minor sins; He would let me get by with them.

God knows that the power of his love will not always keep us from mortal sin; so He adds the threat of hell. He knows just as well that his love will not always keep us from venial sin, either. Wouldn't you expect him to add a little threat of punishment there, too? That is purgatory.

If there were no temporal punishment after death it would appear that God were arbitrary and unfair. He makes some sinners suffer here on earth while others escape; and He accepts the voluntary penances of some while others never think of reparation. Are all to be admitted to heaven equally? Purgatory is the great equalizer established by a God who is just and fair.

The doctrine of purgatory does not imply that God is harsh or vindictive, extracting so many ounces of pain for every sin. Rather does it demonstrate God's mercy, which finds a way to save us in spite of our sins, and cleanse and purify us in spite of our lack of penitence.

It is true that many theologians and preachers have stressed the horrible punishments of purgatory, but it is equally true that others have pointed out the basic happiness that souls must enjoy there. They are saved; they can commit no sin; they can never go to hell. Surely, no impatience for heaven can stifle the joy of that security, nor any immediate pain obscure the awareness of God's love. For the souls in purgatory are his own chosen ones, his adopted sons, in the final stages of preparation for life in his own home.

Purgatory is not only a place for punishment, as demanded by justice; it is also a place of purification, to make us ready for heaven. I wonder whether many of us would be very welcome in heaven as we are right now, with our various rebellions against God's love and grace?

You point out that God forgives us when we repent. He forgives our guilt, which is the badness of our will. But sin creates evil outside the will; it throws the scales of justice out of balance. After the will turns back to good, and guilt is forgiven, there must still be penance, so that we do our part with Christ in righting the wrong done outside the

will, and in putting the scales back in balance.

Essentially, by our own efforts, we can never really undo the wrong of sin. Jesus Christ accomplished that by the Redemption. But God became man to do for man only the things he could not do for himself; He didn't exempt us from doing our part, in those things we can do. And we can do penance, for love of Him, and thereby cooperate in the work of the Redemption and in our personal sanctification. But suppose we refuse, or drag our feet. That's where purgatory comes in.

Here on earth we do our part in atoning for sin by performing the penances we are given in Confession; by doing the penances imposed by Church law, like fasting and abstaining; by accepting the sufferings sent by God, like sickness and troubles; and by our voluntary penances and good works. The Church helps us immeasurably through her power of binding and loosing. But even after all this we may well expect that we have not done enough when we measure the smallness of our penances against the number of our sins. Purgatory lets us finish the job.

There are two points I would have you note particularly about purgatory. 1. The purifying and atoning process there is done entirely by the grace of God, without any meritorious cooperation on our part. So purgatory emphasizes in special manner the redemptive power of

the cross of Christ. 2. Purgatory gives us here on earth a great opportunity to exercise the virtue of charity. The souls in purgatory cannot help themselves, but God per-

mits us to help them by our prayers, penances, and sacrifices. It is the chief work of Christ's kingdom to spread love one for another, and to love for the love of Him.

ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (PAGE 74)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. apathy (ap'a-thi) | i) Lack of feeling, indifference.
Certain pagan philosophers considered <i>apathy</i> a virtue. |
| 2. pathology (pa-thol'o-ji) | j) Branch of medicine that deals with the nature of disease. |
| Pathology is one of the most important branches of modern medicine. | |
| 3. pathetic (pa-thet'ik) | k) Arousing feelings of pity, pitiful.
She cried in a most <i>pathetic</i> voice, "Forgive me." |
| 4. exopathic (ek-so-path'ik) | l) Designating a disease having its cause outside the body. |
| Sleeping sickness is an <i>exopathic</i> affliction. | |
| 5. osteopathy (os-te-op'a-thi) | m) System of treating ailments by placing pressure on bones. |
| <i>Osteopathy</i> is an ancient form of medical treatment. | |
| 6. empathy (em'pa-thi) | n) Projection of one's own feelings into another. |
| The actress played Lady Macbeth with <i>empathy</i> . | |
| 7. antipathy (an-tip'a-thi) | o) A feeling of dislike; repugnance.
A feeling of <i>antipathy</i> seems to exist between the teacher and her class. |
| 8. pathogenesis (path-o-jen'e-sis) | p) The development of a disease.
For centuries the <i>pathogenesis</i> of malaria remained a mystery. |
| 9. pathos (path'os) | q) Quality or power, as in art, speech, music, of evoking a feeling of pity. |
| Every poem he writes is filled with <i>pathos</i> . | |
| 10. telepathy (te-lep'a-thi) | r) Transference of thought through some means other than sensory.
A few psychologists accept <i>telepathy</i> as having a scientific basis. |
| 11. psychopathic (si'ko-path-ik) | s) Characterized by serious personality defects; having a "diseased" mind.
No one can understand his <i>psychopathic</i> behavior. |
| 12. hydropathy (hi-drop'a-thi) | t) Treatment of disease by the external or internal use of water.
Only a quack could suggest <i>hydropathy</i> as a cure-all. |

(All correct: excellent; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.)

By Kurt Gratz
*Condensed from the "New Leader"***

My Week End In Budapest

*The capital of Red Hungary,
once the bright pearl of the
Danube, is tawdry now*

I LIVE IN VIENNA, but I knew Budapest before the war. Recently, when the communists lifted travel restrictions, I paid a week-end visit to the capital of Red Hungary. I was shocked at what I saw.

Budapest, once called the pearl of the Danube, is now shabby, neglected, unkempt. You still see remnants of the old grandeur and beauty, but it is a decaying beauty. Those few things which please the eye are old; the communists have built or reconstructed nothing in the city but five bridges destroyed during the war, some historic buildings, a huge soccer stadium that holds 100,000 people (following the old Roman precept, "bread and circuses"), and the (now somewhat embarrassing) Stalin monument. A subway was begun at gigantic expense but later abandoned.

Picture a house which has not been painted for 20 years and whose masonry is crumbling. Your city



probably has a few buildings which look like this. But try to imagine an entire city of 1.2 million consisting entirely of such dilapidated structures.

That's how Budapest looks today. The paint is peeling off the store signs, there are almost no neon lights, and the streetcars and buses are every bit as neglected as the homes, hotels, and official buildings. Budapest's ancient elevators are patched up so precariously that you fear for your life when you enter them.

The city is not dirty, but it is drab and doleful by comparison with its gay past and the modernity of any Western city. Most stores have been nationalized, but even the few still in private hands look neglected. I asked one owner why

*7 E. 15th St., New York City 3. May 21, 1956. © 1956 by the American Labor Conference on International Affairs, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

he didn't fix up his store with a little paint. He replied that then the government would conclude that he was doing a very good business and his taxes would be raised.

The darkness of night descends upon wretched Budapest like a merciful shroud. Standing on a bridge, you see the shimmering lights on both banks of the Danube and their brilliant reflection in the river, and you begin to dream of how beautiful the city once was. But the illuminated red star on top of the Ministry of the Interior, an inescapable reminder of the vulgar present, destroys even this pleasant fantasy.

The residents of Budapest were long famous for their elegance, and even now, with their meager means, they try to clothe themselves well. One sees many beautiful women, often wearing quite fashionable clothes. Gift parcels from abroad largely explain this seeming miracle. Certainly the prevailing wage rates would not permit such luxuries.

Take my relative, Laszlo. He made a point of showing me his monthly pay envelope. His profession would earn him \$400 a month in America. In Hungary, he gets 1,400 forints. After deductions (taxes, and "voluntary" loans), his take-home pay is only 1,140 forints. A pair of shoes which would cost \$12 in the U. S. costs Laszlo 600 forints; a \$3 shirt, 200; a \$40 suit, 2,000 forints. Food costs about as much as in Austria, but that actually

makes it extremely expensive: Hungary is a predominantly agricultural country where food was formerly very cheap. These prices, which I saw for myself, mean that Laszlo needs two week's pay to buy a pair of shoes, a week's pay to buy a shirt, two month's pay to buy a suit of clothes.

Many things are not available to Hungarians at all, not only exotic products like bananas but even ordinary household necessities like thread. The only things which are fairly cheap are streetcar and bus fares, books, movies and theaters, and rents. Even so, Laszlo is much better off than many workers who earn only 800 forints a month or shop clerks who get under 500.

Of course, these figures mean very little by themselves. A worker in India or another underdeveloped country would be happy to buy what the Hungarian worker can obtain with his limited income. The decisive question is: do Hungarians live better or worse under communism than before? The magnificent buildings falling into disrepair show most graphically of all that, at least in Budapest, the standard of living is much lower. And the man in the street, when he dares to speak, will confirm this conclusion.

Furthermore, you have an excellent basis for comparison when you come from a city only 160 miles away. Vienna was destroyed in the war as thoroughly as Budapest and suffered every bit as much. Yet

Vienna today is experiencing prosperity. Austria has accepted Marshall aid from America, it trades freely with all Western European countries, and its borders are open. Had Hungary adopted the same policy, it would be living as well as neighboring Austria and sharing free Europe's economic boom.

The Austrian standard of living is much lower than that of the U.S., but Vienna streets are full of cars, motorcycles, and motor scooters. In Budapest, only a few party

bosss own cars; parking is no problem. A Hungarian is fortunate if he can afford to pay railroad fares, which are artificially set four times as high as in Austria to discourage traveling. There is no freedom of movement in any case: an inhabitant of another city must secure permission to settle in Budapest, and a special permit is required to visit any border city.

Needless to say, most Hungarians are discontented. Laszlo told me how much he hated the regime, and he asked anxiously, "Do you think the Russians will ever go away?" He would leave the country in an instant, leaving everything behind, he told me, if only he could. (I had seen the heavily guarded borders, with the watchtowers, mine fields, barbed wire, and soldiers with tommy guns; it is common to hear that fugitives have been killed trying to cross. Hungarians do not obtain passports; even for a visit to communist Czechoslovakia a man has to wait two months for a permit, a piece of paper which must be given back on his return.)

Laszlo told me that he listens to American and British radio broadcasts, even though it is forbidden. He poured out his hatred for the regime which has brought so much misery to his country.

Then he said, "Yet, I am a member of the Communist party myself. Now you know how a party member really feels, and I am not the exception but the rule. I was orig-

A few hints for readers with relatives or friends in Hungary: do not send them food; the duty is high, and canned goods are confiscated. Send new or used clothes, or dollars. The duty on a man's used suit is 100 forints, but the suit can be sold for 400 or 500; thus, the recipient makes 300 or 400 forints, which he probably needs badly, and can pay the duty on another suit which he can keep.

The U.S. dollars enable your relative or friend to buy hard-to-obtain goods in a special store. Some of these he can re-sell, thereby supplementing his inadequate income. Unfortunately, this procedure also helps the regime obtain eagerly-sought dollars, but it is one of the best ways to ease the lot of those who are dear to you.

A final warning: always be careful to write nothing in your letters which might conceivably endanger the addressee.

inally a Socialist, and when the two parties were merged I automatically became a communist.

"I couldn't say No; after all, I have to live. Fed up though I am, I have to attend party lectures every other week. But the worst of it all is the hopelessness. There seems to be no prospect that our wretched life will ever change."

Like most Budapesters these days, Laszlo was eager to unburden himself and demonstrate his friendship to a Western visitor. The few Austrian newspapers I had smuggled in seemed to him like a revelation. When our bus left Budapest, dozens of people, and not relatives alone, came to bid a hearty farewell to the lucky tourists who were returning to freedom.

The Budapesters have only two ways of showing their opposition to communism: by attending the churches in large numbers—Sunday morning, I saw hundreds of people going to Mass at the famous Matyas cathedral—and by cheering for Western soccer teams.

My one-day visit to Hungary made a deep impression on me: only 40 miles from Vienna, a completely different world begins. The people are the same as we are: likable, friendly, cultivated, not stolid fa-

natics, but warm human beings who like good food, wine, elegant clothes, music and flowers. But, as Laszlo put it, 98% are dominated by the 2% aided by Soviet troops, secret police, and informers.

It is true that Hungary has never been a free country. The prewar Horthy regime was undeniably a dictatorship, but it was a mild one, and life was much easier. In those days, it was unnecessary for a visitor to Hungary to do what one of my bus companions did: take three suits along and return home with little but his hat, after leaving even the coat on his back to needy relatives.

Bulganin and Khrushchev can announce "new courses" one after the other *ad infinitum*. But the real test of their good will is their willingness to pull Soviet troops out of Hungary and the other Red satellites.

Until recently I was relatively indifferent to suffering that existed a scant few miles from my home. Now that I have seen Hungary, I can never forget what I experienced there: neither the misery of the people nor their joy at seeing the face of a Western visitor. We in the West must not forget Laszlo and the millions like him.

A recent convert to communism met a friend on a Budapest street. "Long live Bulganin!" he shouted with enthusiasm.

"Didn't you shout 'Long live Hitler' only a few years ago?" asked his friend.
"I sure did, but didn't he die?"

American Mercury (Dec. '55).

Fix Up the Old Car?

Or buy a new one? Comparative figures will surprise you

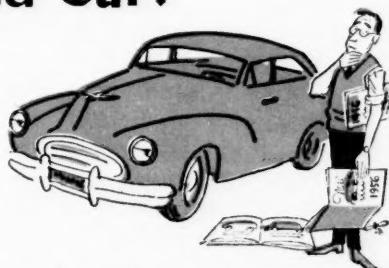
YOUR FAMILY AUTO has given good and faithful service. Should you have it repaired? Or would it be better to turn it in on a brand-new model? The problem you face is one of the most baffling in automobile cost accounting. Yet this problem can be unraveled.

Let us suppose your present car is a six-cylinder four-door sedan that you bought new in 1951 for \$2,050, including \$72 for heater and \$53 for accessories.

Now that you have driven it 50,000 miles, the motor has lost some of its pep and is beginning to use too much oil. In addition to an engine overhaul, other repairs are necessary. You have obtained an estimate of charges.

The motor can be overhauled for \$135. The clutch can be replaced for \$30. The brakes can be relined and the brake cylinders repaired for \$40. The fenders can be straightened for \$20. New tires will cost \$85, and a new battery, \$16. New seat covers run to \$24. The total bill for rehabilitation comes to \$350.

You also have priced comparable new cars, and you know that if



you buy today, you will choose an eight instead of a six. The one you have your eye on costs \$2,424 delivered. You want automatic transmission, and that costs \$183 extra. A heater is \$75; accessories, \$53; and two-tone paint, \$15. Total: \$2,750.

You want to know, now, what your total cash outlay during the next year will be if you purchase a new car and what it will be if you repair the old one.

Well, the retail value of your present car is \$500. That's the top today for your 1951 model. But in a trade-in on a new \$2,750 sedan you probably can get an allowance of \$750.

Assume that you plan to pay off the \$2,000 balance in two years. Interest probably will be at least \$60 each year, so your payments on this car for the first year will amount to \$1,060. Sales tax and fees will amount to \$60. License plates will cost \$16, and insurance for one

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COMPARE THESE COSTS

See the difference between buying a new car and keeping it four years, and overhauling your present car and keeping it four more years.

	<i>Purchase of new car</i>	<i>Overhaul of present car</i>
Depreciation		
<i>original cost</i>		
<i>1951 model, new.....</i>	\$2,050	
<i>1956 model, new.....</i>	\$2,750	
<i>trade-in value</i>		
<i>of 1951 model now.....</i>	\$750	
<i>of 1951 model in 1960.....</i>	100	
<i>of 1956 model in 1960....</i>	1,050	
<i>total depreciation</i>		
<i>by 1960.....</i>	\$1,700.....	\$650
Other expenses		
<i>annual running costs</i>		
<i>(gas, oil, lubrication, tires, repairs)</i>		
<i>10,000 miles per year for 4 years @</i>		
<i>3.5c a mile.....</i>	1,400	
<i>4 years @ 4c a mile.....</i>	1,600	
<i>insurance</i>		
<i>4 years @ \$90 a year....</i>	360	
<i>4 years @ \$84 a year.....</i>	336	
<i>license fees</i>		
<i>4 years @ \$16 a year....</i>	64.....	64.....
	1,824.....	2,000
<i>new-car purchase expense</i>		
<i>interest for 2 years.....</i>	\$120	
<i>taxes and fees.....</i>	60.....	180
<i>overhaul of present car</i>		
<i>motor</i>	\$135	
<i>brakes, clutch, fenders.....</i>	90	
<i>tires, battery, seat covers.....</i>	125.....	350
Total cost over 4 years.....	\$3,704.....	\$3,000
Yearly cost.....	\$926.....	\$750

year, \$90. If you drive 10,000 miles, the cost of gas, oil, repairs and other running expenses will be \$350, figured on the basis of $3\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ a mile. Therefore, the total cash outlay on your new car the first year will be \$1,576.

If you elect to fix up your five-year-old sedan, you will have that \$350 repair bill to meet. License plates, again, will cost \$16. Insurance—slightly less on an older car—will be, say, \$84. Driving costs for 10,000 miles will be \$400, figured on the basis of 4¢ a mile. These figures add up to \$850.

That's a whale of a difference: \$850 compared with \$1,576.

You have the uneasy feeling, though, that this cash difference isn't all there is to the picture. And you are absolutely right. You also need to know which choice will be cheaper in the long run.

Take a look at the accompanying table. It will give you the real answer to this problem. Note that the first item in the table is depreciation. This is the key that unlocks the whole mystery.

How you finance a new car, that is, what your down payment and monthly payments are, really has little bearing on your ultimate car costs except to the extent that a longer repayment plan involves a higher interest charge. What does count heavily is depreciation, the amount the car declines in value as you keep it.

Suppose, as the table presumes,

you plan to keep any new car that you buy for four years. By 1960 the retail value of a \$2,750 sedan will be approximately \$750. You probably will be able to get a larger allowance than that on a trade-in, say \$1,050 if you shop carefully for a good deal. This will make your four-year depreciation on the new car come to \$1,700. Check the other items shown on the table, and you will see that the total four-year cost of that new car will be \$3,704, and the annual cost, \$926.

Now look at the two columns of figures under "overhaul of present car." Note that your overhauled automobile will be worth only \$100 if you keep it another four years, the same length of time you plan to keep a new automobile. Depreciation on your present car will total \$650 by 1960. The total cost of overhauling your car and keeping it four more years will be \$3,000, or \$750 a year.

Clearly, over the four-year period it will be to your financial advantage to have the old car overhauled.

"But," you may say, "I wouldn't dream of keeping that car four years more. That would make it nine years old. I had planned on keeping it only two years longer if I had it repaired."

In that event you have the same theoretical problem but a new set of figures. After two years your present car will be worth approximately \$300. (Remember that you cannot hope to get your repair

money out of an old car, not in most cases, anyway.) So your depreciation cost will be \$450. Twenty thousand miles of driving will cost \$800. Licenses and insurance will be another \$200. And your overhaul bill is the same, \$350. All this brings your two-year costs to \$1,800, or \$900 a year.

But \$900 is only \$26 less than a new car will cost you per year over a four-year period.

What conclusions can you draw from all these figures?

Obviously, if you are strapped for cash, your out-of-pocket costs are the major consideration. Of course, it is easier to pay even a fairly large repair bill than to take on the large debt incident to buying a brand-new car.

It is also good economy on a long-term basis to overhaul your

present car, as the table shows. The only hitch is: do you wish to do so? The figures make no allowance for intangibles, such as the satisfaction of owning a new car and the superior performance of a brand-new automobile to that of a rebuilt one. If economy is your only goal or measuring stick, another four years with your rejuvenated sedan is the thing for you.

If you desire new-car appearance and riding qualities, the difference between those two annual car-cost figures in the table, \$176 a year, is what you will have to pay.

But remember, again, that if you plan to keep your repaired car only two years, the difference between the costs of driving it and the new one is almost negligible. You might as well treat yourself to a model right out of the showroom.



Whetstone whispering on the ax-blade.
Walter Havighurst

Jet planes squeezing whipped cream
on the sky. Gay Jayne

Smile: laughter's whisper.

Fulton J. Sheen

Loan shark: man who takes too much
interest in his work. Morris Bender

Engine heaving puffs of joy.

Bibian Rendon

Carrier planes, their wings folded in
prayer. Herb Caen

Clouds buttered with sunshine.

Carole Parlakovic

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

The Sudden Strangers

Review by Francis Beauchesne Thornton

HE WAS 25; just out of the army separation center. He still walked with a marching stride, and carried his big-muscled shoulders straight and high.

Bart McBride is the hero in William E. Barrett's beautifully constructed novel, *The Sudden Strangers*. Bart should have been a happy man. Once again he was a civilian who could do as he pleased—no bells; no bugles; no foxholes; no fear of the bullet marked with his name. It was wonderful. Or was it?

Bart didn't know much about himself. The facts he knew could be counted on the battered fingers of one of his catcher's hands. His mother, Dorinda Daly, the fabulous musical-comedy star, belonged less to him than to her public.

Behind the proscenium arch, Dorinda was a dew-lustered violet, all color, all softness. At home, she was a different woman: brittle, casual, driving. She made plans with the care of a tactical general.

Dorinda wasn't a Catholic, but she had brought up her son in the faith, and he had warmed it in his heart during his hectic terms at Cornell and through the perilous army years. There was one thing in

Bart's past that bothered him. Bart had done his best to solve the problem from Japan. It hadn't worked out, and that was that.

Dorinda had picked and trained Mary Norbert to be her secretary—and Bart's wife. That was why Dorinda had snatched the girl out of the life of the chorus and bit parts.

Both Bart and Mary saw that Dorinda had hand-picked Mary to be Bart's wife. In a vague way, they both resented Dorinda's plan. It could have led to hate and loathing. But they were suited to each other: their sense of fun that made conversation a delight, their love of deep things and simple things, such as riding the ferry to Staten Island or walking through the New York dark spangled with street lights, formed a genuine bond.

Of course, Bart wanted to know about Mary's life. There wasn't much to the story beyond its stark simplicity. Mary was a foundling. She had never found out who her father was or her mother. The nuns had discovered her on the hospital steps on St. Norbert's day. Mary was a good name for a girl baby, the nuns said; Norbert finished it off.

Mary's tale needled Bart where it

hurt most. In a moment, he was pouring out to Mary the story of his sinful mistake. "I met a girl when I was in college. I thought I loved her and that she loved me. She wrote me when I was over in Japan, saying she was going to have my child. I tried to marry her, but she refused. She married someone else. What she did with my child I don't know. But I'm determined to find out. What happened to you must not happen to my child. I must give it my name and a father's love."

Mary agreed. So did Bart's father, who, Bart now learned from Dorinda, was still alive, as Brother Anselm, a lay Brother in the Monastery of St. Urban in near-by Connecticut. He had once been a simple oil-field worker happily married to an ambitious woman.

Bart knew in the pit of his stomach what the rescue of his child meant: the invasion of a soap ty-

coon's family where Bart was still loved and admired by the father and mother, and despised by their daughter Aleta, married and living near them. The gilt-edged Aleta held the guilty secret.

A taut-jawed Bart started off on his task. The ruthless way he pursued it and the fury of the climax, loaded with shilling-shocker melodrama, are in the best vein of Alfred Hitchcock. To reveal them here would spoil for you the fascination of the novel, would slow its action, and take all the punch out of its surprise ending.

You'll enjoy its swift pace, its full-blooded characters, and the subtle way in which the author lets the calm of the cloister stream through the fly-specked glass of life.

The Sudden Strangers is published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York City. (320 pp. \$3.95.) See Catholic Digest Book Club advertisement on page 3.



THE NAME'S THE SAME

After quieting the bedlam in the studio, the Master of Ceremonies of a give-away program turned again to the lucky winner.

"And now, Mr. Blodgett," he beamed, "I'm sure our audience would like to know what you're going to do with the \$25,000 you have just won. Do you mind telling us?"

"Not at all," replied the contestant without hesitation. "It will probably all go to Charity."

Overcome by surprise, the M.C. could only stammer, "Wh. . . why, how perfectly wonderful!" Then, turning to the winner's wife he asked, "And you, Mrs. Blodgett, does that meet with your approval?"

"Why, certainly," replied the woman sweetly. "My name's Charity."

Hal Chadwick.

(Continued from Back Cover)

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—Continued on
Inside Cover

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